

---



---

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW,

---

For the Month of *October* 1758.

---

## ARTICLE I.

*The Life of Erasmus. By the Reverend Dr. Jortin. 4to. Price 15s.  
Whiston and White.*

**A**N ingenious French author, speaking of queen Elizabeth, says, that she ought to be judged only by her peers, by statesmen, and by kings. An observation, which, if I am not mistaken, may equally be applied to all eminent persons. Whoever, without possessing analogous qualities to theirs, attempts to draw their portrait, must either overlook or faintly represent those lineaments which characterise the mind, and give life to the likeness.

Erasmus, one of the brightest and most approved geniusses that ever adorned an age, and by a peculiar felicity born in that age that stood most in need of him, has exercised the biographical talents of several writers hardly worthy to be his historians. The famous Le Clerc claims an exception, whose Essay inserted in his *Bibliothèque Choise*, though but a sketch, is yet greatly superior to the accounts of Dr. Samuel Knight and Mr. Burigny. This last author, whose work was very lately published at Paris, in two volumes in octavo, seems to have wanted two things, without which it is impossible to do justice to Erasmus, a native country free from religious prejudices, and a mind animated with some sparks of that fire which distinguished his hero.

The work which we have under our eyes, makes ample amends for those we have mentioned. The author is born in that country which of all others Erasmus loved the most, and had he lived in his time, the similarity of their learning, taste, and modera-

VOL. VI. *October*, 1758.

U

tion,

tion, could not but have made them friends. The name of Dr. Jortin modestly placed at the end of the preface, as well as the work itself, justify our judgment of a man, whose labours for the service of literature and religion have obtained the approbation of the wise, the learned, and the good.

Some perhaps will be startled at the size of the book. What! a volume in quarto for the life of a man devoted to study, and consequently destitute of interesting occurrences! Such will probably be the language of the gay, who are accustomed to read a history as they read a novel, especially when they are told this volume is designed to be followed by another, which will contain philological observations upon the writings of Erasmus, and a supplement to the last edition of his works. But this book is not intended merely for readers of this stamp. Though it contains both variety and amusement, it supposes in the reader some literary knowledge, and a mind capable of reflection. Whoever reads it with these dispositions will see, that it would have been difficult to collect such a number of excellent things in a smaller compass. They will find choice materials towards the long-wished for history of the revival of learning in Europe, and its influence on the reformation. All ages present us with the same scenes in politics; ambitious princes, selfish ministers, treaties, wars, revolutions, which are not very interesting for private persons when once they are past; whereas the age in which Erasmus lived was a singular and memorable age, and the revolution it brought about in the minds of men well deserves the attention and study of those, who without the assistance of such despised but learned men, whom Dr. Jortin describes, would still, like their ancestors, groan under the slavery of ignorance and superstition.

Dr. Jortin informs us in his preface, that he has made Le Clerc's *Essay* the ground-work of his book. He has translated him with freedom, added a great many facts to those collected by him; but seldom departed from his way of thinking and of judging. 'I pay, says he, my grateful acknowledgments to him once for all. His labours and mine are blended together; and I am persuaded that his manes, if the deceased concern themselves about such things, will not be offended at the use which is here made of his work. What is collected from others, is sufficiently distinguished by proper marks.'

The principal merit of Dr. Knight's work consisted in his accounts of Erasmus's English friends. These our author has not only incorporated in his book, but he has improved them by the addition of several particulars taken from other writers.

\* A large quantity of Latin is distributed up and down in the \* notes; but we dare say, that this liberty, far from disgusting men of taste, will afford them a real entertainment. Who would not have been glad to assist at those philosophical conversations in which Erasmus, Warham, Sir Thomas More, Colet, and many others, discussed the most important points, with an elegance, ease, and humour peculiar to themselves? the passages extracted from Erasmus's letters represent in some measure these conversations. We there see Erasmus as he was, with his endowments and his foibles, throwing off that mask which most men are obliged to wear. Dr. Jortin sometimes interposes his own judgment; but his observations are always short and lively. They excite thought, and tend to improve both the understanding and the heart.

\* At the end of this book there are plates, containing specimens of the hand-writing of Erasmus, and of other celebrated \* men.' The use of them is obvious. Many curious pieces are hid in public or private libraries, from whence they might be brought to light, were it known whose they are. The specimens annexed to this volume, together with those Dr. Jortin intends to present to the public in the next, may put scholars upon examining old papers, and enable them to find out valuable remnants of those great men, too long buried in dust and oblivion.

Before I take leave of Dr. Jortin's preface I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing the following reflexion. 'I now \* address my discourse to you who are my friends; returning you \* my thanks for all your good offices, recommending myself to \* your favour, whilst I am with you, and my name when I am \* gone hence; and intreating you to join with me in a wish, that \* I may pass the evening of a studious and unambitious life, in \* an humble, but not a slothful obscurity, and never forfeit the \* kind continuance of your accustomed approbation.' A man that has such sentiments, well deserves to meet with as many friends as readers, and may even in his life-time enjoy that esteem which he must expect from posterity. *Illud certe præsagio, de meis lucubrationibus, qualescunque sunt, candidius judicaturam posteritatem: tametsi nec de meo seculo queri possum.*

Though the method Dr. Jortin has followed after Mr. Le Clerc, of placing the facts according to the order of years, be the most natural and satisfactory, it would be impossible to keep to it in an extract. We shall content ourselves with giving a general notion of the life of Erasmus, and then transcribing some of the doctor's remarks.



Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, October 28, 1467. His birth was illegitimate, and being left a minor by his father and mother, under the care of unfaithful guardians, he was against his will devoted by them to a monastic life, and went through his year of probation in a convent of regular canons at Stein near Gouda. But the weakness of his constitution, his love of real learning, and his aversion to monkish fastings, watchings, ignorance, and pride, soon disgusted him. He accepted the offers of the archbishop of Cambray, who took him into his house. From thence he went to Paris to prosecute his studies, and made shift to maintain himself by reading lectures to young scholars. Amongst his first disciples and most constant friends was William lord Montjoy, who though somewhat parsimonious, allowed him an annual pension, and got him over into England in the year 1497. He spent some time in London and Oxford, and became acquainted with Colet, Grocyn, Linacer, More, Fisher, Tunstall, and some other eminent men. He then returned to Paris, prepared the first edition of his *Adagies*, and applied himself to the Greek language as closely as poverty and the necessity of devoting part of his time to the service of his pupils would permit \*. He made several little excursions to England, Flanders, and Holland, and began to make himself known by several of his pieces, which raised his reputation amongst his friends, and drew upon him the envy and hatred of bigots and monks. These last he never spared, especially after he had obtained leave of pope Leo X. to drop the habit of his order. He derided their minute observances, and exposed their ignorance, laziness, and vices. He shewed that their divinity consisted in a mere science of words, and their piety in grimace; whereas his religion was a religion of things †. These truths, which he inculcated in most of his letters, and dared to print in several of his works, and particularly in a preface to his *Enchiridion militis christiani*, were insults never to be forgiven by that race of men equally incorrigible and vindictive.

---

\* ‘ He says in one of his letters, that as soon as he could get any money, he would purchase, first, Greek authors, and secondly, clothes. There are few students who would do the same.’

† The judgment of Ignatius, (the founder of the order of the jesuits, who disliked the *Enchiridion* of Erasmus because it cooled his devotion,) says Dr. Jortin, ‘ is altogether worthy of him; and every fanatic in the world, if he were to peruse this treatise of Erasmus, would be of the very same opinion, and would want something more pathetic and savoury, something with more *unction*, and with less morality and common sense.’



Erasmus was again at London and Cambridge in the year 1506, and must have read lectures in that university, and perhaps at Oxford, either in this or in his next voyage. He was made lady Margaret's professor of divinity, and afterwards of Greek.

It was about this time that he went to Italy and took his doctor's degree. He there had the honour of a Latin and very polite epistle from Henry VIII\*. then prince of Wales, just before the death of his father, lord Montjoy's and archbishop Warham's invitations engaged him to return to England, where he staid from 1510 to 1514. Tho' he expresses in some letters his regret of having left Italy, where he had a prospect of great preferment, and the acquaintance of several scholars and cardinals, his sincerity is doubtful; and it is certain, that notwithstanding the solicitations made to him afterwards, he constantly found some pretences to decline another journey into a land of ceremonies and inquisition.

At his arrival in England he lodged with the famous Thomas More; and to divert himself and his friend, wrote in a week a humorous book, called the *Praise of Folly*, which was translated into most languages, and drew upon Erasmus the hatred of many. He often found himself in great streights, both on account of the expensive way of living his bad health engaged him in, and perhaps of his want of oeconomy. Wolsey, his pretended friend, but rather the reverse on account of his jealousy of Warham, named him to a prebend at Tournay. This gift was equal to a *cardinal's blessing*; it was revoked and came to nothing. Warham's favours were more real. Besides several benefactions, he gave Erasmus a living, which might have afforded him a competency, had he known the English tongue, or been less scrupulous in point of residence. The archbishop therefore presented another person to it, and charged the living with a

---

\* This favour, though he was afterwards sufficiently used to receive such letters from great men and from princes, seems to have then given him some vanity. Richard Pace, one of his English friends, in a book printed in the year 1517, says, that *Erasmus* used to carry that letter about with him in a little box, and to shew it to every one. I suspect that this anecdote, together with what Pace says of Erasmus's poverty, and of the hatred of the clergy which he incurred on account of his endeavours to bring them to better studies, and to better manners, were the chief reasons of Erasmus's dislike of Pace's book, which upon the whole was but a lame performance.

pension of twenty pounds a year to be paid to him. Erasmus's gratitude to that worthy prelate was sincere and lasting, and he has immortalized him in his writings †.

The title of counsellor at the court of Charles archduke of Austria, and what was more real, a stipend of two hundred florins a year, engaged Erasmus to shift again his place of abode. He went over to Brabant, and from thence proceeded to Basil, where he contracted the strictest friendship with the famous Amerbachii, and with Froben. He there published several small tracts, editions of classics, and of the fathers, translations, verses, &c. Erasmus must have had a wonderful facility to be equal to so many things. The chief of his works were at that time his editions of Jerom, and his translation of the New Testament in Latin, the first dedicated to Warham, the latter to pope Leo X. This last was printed five times during his life; and as often

---

\* Dr. Jortin, after having extracted from Erasmus's works a fine encomium of Warham writ after his death, adds an application, which, as it paints his own sentiments in the most lively manner, and agrees so well with those of the public, it would be unjust not to transcribe.

‘ It is with a melancholy kind of pleasure that I transcribe  
 ‘ these passages, and shall in other parts of this work insert  
 ‘ other testimonies to the honour of the archbishop; whilst in  
 ‘ the character of this amiable prelate, drawn by so masterly a  
 ‘ hand, I contemplate that of my late patron, (Thomas Herring,  
 ‘ archbishop of Canterbury) who, besides the good qualities in  
 ‘ which he resembled Warham, had piety without superstition,  
 ‘ and moderation without meanness, an open and a liberal way  
 ‘ of thinking, and a constant attachment to the cause of sober  
 ‘ and rational liberty, both civil and religious. Thus he lived  
 ‘ and died, and few great men ever passed through this male-  
 ‘ volent world better beloved and less censured than he.

‘ He told me once, with an obliging condescension, which I  
 ‘ shall never forget, that he would be to me what Warham was  
 ‘ to Erasmus; and what he promised he performed: only less  
 ‘ fortunate in the choice of an humble friend; who could not  
 ‘ be to him what Erasmus was to Warham. But if these pages  
 ‘ should live, protected by the subject which they treat, and the  
 ‘ materials of which they are composed, they may perhaps assist  
 ‘ in doing justice to his memory.

‘ His mihi dilectum nomen, manesque verendos,  
 ‘ His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar amico  
 ‘ Munere! non totus, raptus licet, optime Præsul,  
 ‘ Eriperis: redivit os placidum, moresque benigni,  
 ‘ Et venit ante oculos, et pectore vivit imago.’

improved

improved by him. Notwithstanding the pope's brief, who highly commended that work, it was severely and unjustly criticised by several persons, and in particular by Edward Lee, who afterwards was made archbishop of York, and was one of the greatest enemies to the reformation. Erasmus having done what lay in his power to pacify this impetuous and ungenerous adversary, exposed to the world the futility of most of his remarks, and made use in his later editions of the few that were good.

The reputation of Erasmus was now so well established, that most countries and princes were desirous to attract him. He had in particular most pressing invitations from Francis I. king of France, by the means of Budæus, a Frenchman of the highest reputation, and known by several learned works, who was employed to make these proposals to Erasmus, with whom he corresponded. He could not prevail; and perhaps these great men were better at a distance than they would have been nearer one another. There never seems to have been a thorough intimacy between them. They loved one another just as much as two beauties claiming the pre-eminence. Often were they compared together, and by none in a more elaborate manner than by Longolius a Dutch scholar\*, who gave the preference to Budæus, having like him, more erudition and language, than taste, philosophy, and wit. Whatever the opinion of contemporaries may have been, posterity, which seldom fails to put men in their right places, has long since given the superiority to Eras-

---

\* Le Clerc and Dr. Jortin follow Erasmus, who, in one of his letters says; that he knew from Longolius's uncle that he was born at Schoonhoven, a town of Holland. But it is difficult to reconcile this assertion with what we find in the life of Longolius, prefixed to the edition of his orations and letters, which was printed two years after his death at Florence in 1724. This is the passage. 'Christophorus Longolius Maclinia, nobili Germaniæ oppido, honesto splendore inter suos loco natus fuit. Quoniam vero eo vivo, non defuere, qui eum Parisiensem dicerent, libri etiam ab eo scripti hoc titulo circumferrentur, non ab re erit, quæ ipse in altera defensionum suarum, errorem hunc librariorum refellens, de patria sua dicit, hoc loco commemorare, ut deinceps qui de hac re dubitant, ipsi potius Longolio de se, quam allis credant. Ejus verba hæc sunt. Ego P. C. Maclinia natus sum, Maclinia educatus, Germanicæ linguæ, & Cæsarum ditionis oppido, cum aliis laudibus multis illustri, tum vero Philippi & Caroli Hispaniæ regum incunabilis, percelebri.' Sure, a man is to be believed about the place of his birth, preferably to any one else.



mus; and Dr. Jortin as well as Mr. Burigny concurs in the same judgment.

Erasmus was again in England in the spring of the year 1517. The king and the cardinal received him very courteously, and he had handsome offers made him if he would settle there. Indeed the generosity of his English friends in that country was at all times his chief support; and he owned that his English revenues alone had kept him from starving, and we may add, raised him a very comfortable subsistence. Yet could he by no means be prevailed upon to stay; and, says Dr. Jortin, *he judged rightly. Henry and Wolfey were not proper masters for him to live under.* Had he accepted their offers, he must have found himself under great difficulties at the time of the divorce, which drove Henry both from his wife Catherine, and from the see of Rome. Erasmus, who had personal obligations to both †, and was a subject of Charles V. nephew to the cast-off queen, could hardly have remained neuter, as he did, being at a sufficient distance from a prince impatient of opposition, who might not have scrupled to have treated him as he did his friends More and Fisher.

The account here given of the origin of the reformation, which had its beginning in the year 1518, is drawn up from contemporary authors, whose quotations are placed at the bottom of the pages. Dr. Jortin has likewise collected with his usual accuracy, judgment, and candour, several particulars relating to Luther, and proper to characterise that bold man, in whom Erasmus, though then displeased with him, could not help finding something that was apostolic. Both indeed agreed in most points, and in none more than in their dislike of schoolmen and monks, who in their turn did not scruple to say, that *Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it.* Some letters passed at first between them; Erasmus expressed a favourable opinion of Luther, and only wished him to act with prudence and moderation, for fear least his enemies should not only oppose his endeavours, but likewise crush with him all the lovers of literature. He communicated to pope Adrian VI. his countryman, his ideas about

---

† Henry and his first queen vied with one another in making presents to Erasmus, who in return paid or bought their favours as authors do, by dedications. To the king he dedicated a translation of a treatise of Plutarch, and his Paraphrase upon St. Luke; and to Catherine, his book on *Christian matrimony*. In one of his letters he expresses very prettily his scheme to prevent the divorce. *Negotio Jovis & Junonis absit ut me admisceam, præsertim incognito. Citius tribuerim uni duas Junones, quam unicam adimerem.*

the best method to suppress Lutheranism, which were in general moderation, and the hopes of a reformation of the church. This advice could not but be coldly received, which made Erasmus more cautious, and obliged him at length to write against Luther's doctrine about free-will †. Luther answered him with great bitterness; and Erasmus was equally acrimonious in his reply. If instead of chusing a subject on which the catholics did not agree any more amongst themselves than those that separated from them, Erasmus had writ in defence of indulgencies, the purgatory, the vows of celibacy, the papal power, &c. if he had spared the monks, and the scholastic divines, he might perhaps have disarmed his enemies. But as his declarations upon those points were equivocal, as his letters and books shewed that his obedience to the church was merely political; and lastly, as he, in the last years of his life, inveighed equally against the friends and the enemies of Luther, he met with the fate of all them who try to keep a medium between irreconcilable parties, and was ill treated by both. He says somewhere, that it was his misfortune to be thought a catholic in Germany, and a Lutheran at Rome.

The publication of his *Collequies* in the year 1522, increased the number of his enemies. The free things interspersed in that book, as well as in his other performances, and especially his letters, were such as could hardly come from a true son of the church. In Italy Alexander and Albertus prince of Carpi, Echius and Egmond in Germany and Holland, in England Lee and Standish, in Spain Stunica, Sepulveda, and the inquisition, in France Bedda, Sutor, and the doctors of the Sorbonne, wrote, preached, and thundered against him. He stood his ground against all, and by his apologies got the laughs on his side, and preserved the pensions which he received from his catholic friends. He kept tolerably well with the court of Rome, who possibly chose rather to have in him an uncertain friend than an open enemy. His friends at that court, the cardinals Bembo, Sadolet, and Pole, gave him even hopes, that the pope who had raised them to the purple, would do him the same honour. It is uncertain whether the thing was ever really intended. But from that time, and as he advanced in years, Erasmus grew more and more averse, if not to the doctrines, yet to the persons of

---

† It has been said by some enemies of Erasmus, that his real sentiments were different from those which he supported in this book. But Dr. Jortin justifies him from such an odious prevarication, and proves that the expressions of one of his letters upon which this imputation has been grounded, mean only, that he had written not against his *conscience*, but against his *inclination*.

some zealous protestants, who on their side looked upon him as a man who acted against his conscience, and represented him as such. The two lines of Ovid with which Dr. Jortin concludes his character of Sir Thomas More, may in some measure be applied to Erasmus.

*Cœpisti melius, quam desinis : ultima primis  
Cedunt : dissimiles hic vir, & ille puer.*

A controversy of less importance, though treated with nearly the same asperity as a religious affair, Erasmus drew upon himself, by attacking in his *Ciceronianus* a numerous set of scholars, who scrupled to make use of any word or phrase, which was not found in Cicero. Julius Scaliger wrote on that subject a furious declamation against Erasmus. He received no better treatment from Doletus, who with a great deal of learning, was a very bad writer, and perhaps as bad a man. He spoke of Erasmus's works as not worthy to outlive him, and of his own as secure of immortality. Mistaken in both points! his are forgot, and grown scarce, because never reprinted; those of Erasmus are in all hands, and will be read for ever.

The last year of this great man's life was spent at Basil, which place he had lived in before, and probably would not have left, had not the reformation (which got footing in that city chiefly by the means of Oecolampadius) and the clamours of his enemies, driven him from thence to Fribourg, where he bought a house, and spent six years; but neither enjoyed health nor peace of mind. He therefore returned to his real friends, who tho' often abused by him, knew his merit, and bore with his weaknesses. He died almost with the pen in his hand, the 12th of July, 1536, and was buried in the cathedral church of Basil. It appeared by his will, that fortune is not always unjust to scholars, and the disposition he made of his worldly goods amongst his friends and the poor, shewed him to have been worthy of them.

Although this account of Erasmus has been carried beyond the limits first intended, the public has a right to expect some specimens of Dr. Jortin's work. The two following ones will justify the commendations we have given of this author, and our earnest desire to see the next volume, which we hope will contain an index to the whole.

The first article which we chuse to transcribe is Dr. Jortin's account of the *Ciceronianism*. ' The heresy of the Ciceronians  
' seems to have arisen towards the latter end of the fifteenth  
' century, and when Erasmus was a boy. It lasted for about a  
' century, and then expired; for the philologers of the follow-  
' ing



ing times, aiming at a most extensive erudition, found that they had not leisure to play the fool in anxiously forming their style upon that of Cicero. Paulus Cortesius, an Italian, was of the sect; and Politian, who abhorred such bondage, in an elegant letter to him, declared his disapprobation of this troublesome and insipid pedantry. His letter is not dated, but we may guess it to have been written between 1480 and 1490. Cortesius wrote an answer to Politian, defending himself as well as he could. Erasmus hath made remarks on both these epistles, towards the conclusion of his *Ciceronianus*, in which he extols Politian, and sets Cortesius infinitely beneath him. Hermolaus Barbarus was of the same opinion with Politian in this point. Muretus, who wrote Latin extremely well, declared himself an Anti-Ciceronian, in a pretty chapter of his *Variae lectiones* xv. 1. p. 384. *De stultitia quorundam qui se Ciceronianos vocant.*—Jac. Thomafius, in a preface to the works of Muretus, hath taken notice of this chapter, and of the fantastical refinement of Scioppius, who pretended that Muretus ever remained a true Ciceronian, and on this occasion did not speak his real sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe that the Ciceronians could not write so as to satisfy one another. Thus Longolius finds fault with Naugerius; and Maputius finds fault with Longolius. Majoragius had attacked Cicero, as Nizolius pretended; and Nizolius wrote him a letter in which he defends Cicero, and takes occasion to blame Erasmus. One thing is observable in all the professed Ciceronians, namely, the using a multitude of words to express their meaning. This they learned from their master, since it cannot be denied that Cicero is rather *verbose*. Unless therefore they have, like Cicero, a fine imagination, and a mind stored with knowledge, they are of all writers the most languid and tiresome: when they have barren brains, they never fail to give us, according to the Greek proverb, *a river of words, and a spoonful of sense.*

There have been two sorts of Ciceronians. The one were those, whom Erasmus rallies very pleasantly, who were superstitious, pedantic, and servile followers and copiers of Cicero: the second aimed at a more liberal and genteel kind of imitation, and endeavoured to adopt his turn and manner more particularly, and also to acquaint themselves thoroughly with other elegant authors, such as Terence, Livy, Sallust, and a few more; they made use of any expression, which was pure and classical; and as to single words, they did not scruple those of lower times, when better were not to be had. Now to write Latin with perfect correctness in this second manner, though it be a desirable accomplishment, yet is so very difficult,

\* difficult, and takes up so much time, and diverts the mind so  
 \* much from the study of *things*, that it may be made a question,  
 \* whether it deserves the pains which must be bestowed upon  
 \* it. They who undertake to write history in Latin, seem of all  
 \* persons to be most concerned to acquire such skill, and should  
 \* spend much time and pains in forming a polite and perspicuous  
 \* style upon the best models of antiquity. Such an historian was  
 \* Maffei the jesuit, who wrote extremely well: but then he was  
 \* so slow and so accurate in his compositions, that he could not  
 \* dispatch above ten or fifteen lines in a day; and if he had un-  
 \* dertaken a large work, his whole life would not have sufficed  
 \* for accomplishing it, though he lived seventy-three years.  
 \* Such an author was Michael Brutus, no scrupulous Ciceronian,  
 \* but a correct and polite writer. Such also was Paulus Manu-  
 \* tius. But although it may not be advisable for a scholar to  
 \* grow old in the study of words, and to give too much of that  
 \* time to the polishing of his periods, which might be better  
 \* spent in acquiring real knowledge; yet should our young stu-  
 \* dents be exhorted to learn to write Latin so as to be able, upon  
 \* occasion, to compose a few pages with correctness and per-  
 \* spicuity, without solæcisms and barbarisms, and in a style  
 \* better than that of *Magister noster Passavantius*, and the *Epistolæ*  
 \* *obscurorum virorum.*

Thus much for a subject in which the taste of Erasmus is con-  
 cerned. Now for his religion.

\* Le Clerc often censures Erasmus for his lukewarmness, ti-  
 \* midity, and unfairness, in the matter of the reformation; and  
 \* I, as a translator, have adopted these censures, only softening  
 \* them a little here and there: for I am, in the main, of the  
 \* same opinion with Le Clerc as to this point. As protestants, we  
 \* are certainly much obliged to Erasmus; yet we are more obliged  
 \* to the authors of the reformation, to Luther, Melancthon, Zu-  
 \* inglius, Oecolampadius, Cranmer, Bucer, &c. But here I  
 \* would observe, *once for all*, that many arguments may be  
 \* plausibly urged on the other side, either to excuse, or at least  
 \* to extenuate very much that conduct of Erasmus, which of-  
 \* fended the protestant party. Erasmus, as you may see in this  
 \* account of his life, was not entirely free from prejudices of  
 \* education, and had some indistinct and confused notions about  
 \* the authority of the church catholic. He talks much of submit-  
 \* ting his own opinions and his own judgment to her, by an act  
 \* of implicit faith and unlimited obedience. He thought it not  
 \* lawful to depart from the church of Rome, corrupted as she  
 \* was. He was afterwards shocked also at the violent quarrels  
 \* which arose about the Lord's Supper amongst the reformers,  
 \* the Zuinglians, and the Lutherans; for in those days, Zuing-  
 lius

' lius and his adherents were the only men who talked reasonably  
 ' upon that subject. He was no less shocked at the pestilent tu-  
 ' mults and rebellions of the rustics, the fanatics, and anabap-  
 ' tists. I cannot believe that the fear of losing his pensions, and  
 ' of coming to want, made him say and do things which he  
 ' thought to be unlawful: but it may be fairly supposed, that he  
 ' was afraid of disobliging several of his oldest and best friends,  
 ' who were against the Lutheran reformation; of offending not  
 ' only Henry VIII. and Charles V. and the popes, and George  
 ' of Saxony, and Wolsey, &c. but even his patron Warham,  
 ' Montjoy, More, Tonstal, Fisher, Campegius, Bembus, Sadolet,  
 ' and many others, whom he loved entirely, and to some of  
 ' whom he was much obliged. These things might influence  
 ' his judgment, though he himself was not at all aware of it.  
 ' There is no necessity to suppose, that he acted against his con-  
 ' science in adhering to the church of Rome. No: he persuaded  
 ' himself, that he did as much as piety and prudence required  
 ' from him, in freely censuring her defects. In his conduct there  
 ' might be some weakness, and some passion against the persons  
 ' of the reformers; but which of us can be sure, that he might  
 ' not have acted nearly the same part under the same circum-  
 ' stances? *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* This worthy man  
 ' spent a long and laborious life in an uniform pursuit of two  
 ' points; in opposing barbarous ignorance, and blind supersti-  
 ' tion; and in promoting useful literature and true piety. These  
 ' glorious projects he endeavoured to accomplish in a mild and  
 ' gentle manner, never attacking the persons of men, but only  
 ' the faults of the age, till hard necessity constrained him to re-  
 ' ply to those, who assaulted him with the utmost disingenuity  
 ' and malice. How could a learned man of a peaceable disposi-  
 ' tion be better employed? he knew his own temper and ta-  
 ' lents, and conscious that he was not fitted for the rough and  
 ' bold work of reformation, he would not attempt what was  
 ' beyond his strength. But in one sense he was a reformer, and  
 ' the most eminent of all the reformers. Le Clerc himself has  
 ' drawn up an handsome apology for this conduct of Erasmus, in  
 ' a preface prefixed to the edition of Leyden, which we shall in-  
 ' sert in the next volume. Thus, if on some occasions we bear  
 ' a little hard upon Erasmus, at other times we are willing to  
 ' make amends; our censures are, *Amantium iræ*, &c.'

What Dr. Jortin here calls the *Amantium iræ*, appears but very  
 rarely in this work. He is generally, like other biographers, ex-  
 tremely favourable and indulgent, some perhaps would call it  
 partial to his hero; for an instance of which we shall lay before  
 our readers the following passage.

The



' The remaining part of this year (1527) says Dr. Jortin'  
 ' Erasmus poured out his complaints to heaven and earth against  
 ' the monks and the reformers; so that it is not easy to say,  
 ' which of the two parties stood the lowest and the worst in his  
 ' opinion. When we read his description of the monks, we  
 ' cannot think that viler men were to be found upon the face of  
 ' the earth than the *religious* of those days; and when we see  
 ' how he censures the immoral lives of the Lutherans and the  
 ' reformed, we cannot conceive how such men could support  
 ' themselves and their cause, and escape the contempt and the  
 ' horror of mankind. But with all the respect that is due to  
 ' the memory of Erasmus, it may be affirmed, that men of this  
 ' stamp would hardly have suffered martyrdom themselves, or  
 ' have animated so many to die in like manner for their reli-  
 ' gion, which we know to be fact, from the history of those  
 ' times. He was extremely irritated against them, because he  
 ' thought that they had given occasion to the monks to accuse  
 ' him of opening the way to the reformers. Therefore he re-  
 ' pent of having advanced some bold truths concerning evan-  
 ' gelical liberty, of which, in his opinion, the reformers had  
 ' made an ill use, and he began in his old days to act the zea-  
 ' lot and the missionary with an ill grace.

' Pirckheimerus had rallied him for having said, that he pre-  
 ' ferred the sentiment of Oecolampadius upon the eucharist to  
 ' that of others. He replies; I never said that his sentiment  
 ' was the best: I only said to some friends that I could adopt  
 ' it, if the authority of the church had approved it; but that I  
 ' could by no means quit the sentiments of the church. I  
 ' call the church the consent of the body of christian peo-  
 ' ple. I know not how the hypocrites of whom you speak have  
 ' misrepresented my words. For my part I speak this with sin-  
 ' cerity, and I never doubted of the truth of the eucharist. What  
 ' weight the authority of the church may have with others, I  
 ' know not; but with me it weighs so much, that I could be of  
 ' the opinion of the Arians and Pelagians, if the church had  
 ' approved their doctrines.

' What strange language is this from such a person as Eras-  
 ' mus! and how open did it lie to rebuke! for one might have  
 ' replied to him, do you then find nothing at all in the scrip-  
 ' tures contrary to the doctrines of Arius or Pelagius? or what  
 ' you find, is it so obscure that you cannot understand it, and  
 ' must take it upon trust, and believe it only because the church  
 ' tells you so? if this be the case, your old friends the fathers  
 ' were bold and wrong-headed divines, to pretend, as they did,  
 ' to

‘ to refute the Arians and Pelagians, and to establish contrary  
‘ doctrines from the clear testimony of the scriptures. This  
‘ Erasmus knew better than any man in his time to have been the  
‘ procedure of those fathers. Well then ; if we affirm, with the  
‘ fathers, that all orthodox sentiments are evidently set forth in  
‘ the scriptures, how can we possibly pretend to be ready to be-  
‘ lieve the contrary, if the church should decide it so ? is there  
‘ no reason for believing any doctrine, except the consent of the  
‘ society wherein we are born and bred ? no one should dare to  
‘ say it, because it is certain that the christian religion hath cha-  
‘ racters of truth and divinity, by which it converted Jews and  
‘ pagans, characters which have no dependency at all upon the  
‘ authority of the Church. Of this Erasmus could not doubt,  
‘ if he had considered it. He proceeds:

‘ Not that the words of Jesus Christ are not sufficient for me ;  
‘ but none should be surpris’d, if I follow the interpretations of  
‘ the church, upon whose authority my faith and belief of the  
‘ canonical scriptures is founded.

‘ True it is, that the church hath put into our hands those  
‘ scriptures ; and yet we believe them, not barely because the  
‘ church commands us so to do, but because her testimony on  
‘ this occasion hath all the characters of truth that can be re-  
‘ quired, and, above all, because the books themselves are wor-  
‘ thy of her testimony, which testimony else would be of small  
‘ weight. To judge otherways upon this point, would be to make  
‘ the votes of the many a sure character of truth ; and this  
‘ would give a sanction to all the false religions in the world, in  
‘ those places where they are uppermost, and have the multi-  
‘ tude on their side.

‘ Others, says he, may have more wit, more discernment, and  
‘ more courage than I ; but there is nothing wherein I acquiesce  
‘ more securely than in the assured judgments of the church. Of  
‘ reasonings and arguments there is no end.

‘ This last maxim is a bad one: for certainly by reasoning  
‘ justly we arrive at truth ; and by implicit belief in the deci-  
‘ sions of others, without examination, we take the way to fall  
‘ into error. The most absurd religions might thus be defended,  
‘ and unbelievers might say to Christian missionaries, who  
‘ should offer to dispute with them ; good people, of reasonings  
‘ there is no end: let each of us hold fast the religion of his  
‘ father and of his country.

‘ But

• But how are we to come at these assured judgments of the church? I suppose, by examining ecclesiastical antiquities from the beginning; because false doctrines may have been introduced, and Erasmus himself was of opinion that some such had crept in. And how can this inquiry be made without reasoning? therefore it is not safe, in point of conscience, to trust blindly to the present opinions of the church; in other respects it may be the safer way, the way to avoid ill usage, and to receive courtesies from the world.'

Our author, we may here observe, rebukes the timidity and inconsistency of Erasmus in the most gentle manner; and as Dr. Jortin confesses himself a *lover*, his indulgence to his favourite is very pardonable; tho' it may at the same time be evident to an impartial reader, that the behaviour of Erasmus in this particular was highly blameable. He was in reality a coward, and acknowledges himself to be so, fairly confessing, that he would rather turn Arian, Socinian, or any thing else, than fall under the censure of the church, and run the hazard of losing his bread. It is indeed most probable, that as he had offended the catholics by his freedom in the former part of his life, he was obliged to make amends by frequently crying *peccavi*, at the latter end of it.

Before we dismiss this work, we think ourselves obliged to observe, that it is printed correctly, and adorned with a very fine mezzotinto head of Erasmus, taken from Holbein, and done by Houston.

---

ART. II. *An Account of Russia as it was in the year 1710.* By Charles Lord Whitworth. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Graham.

**I**N an advertisement prefixed to this little tract we are informed that the MS. was communicated to the editor\* by *Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq;* who had purchased it in a very curious set

---

\* The public is not at present (as it was some time since) at a loss to know the Printer of Strawberry-Hill. The lives of royal and noble authors are already in the hands of many, and we flatter ourselves will soon be in the hands of many more, as we hear a new edition is preparing for the inspection of the public the ensuing winter, when we shall gladly embrace the opportunity of doing justice to that entertaining work; a task we should have entered on with pleasure on its first publication, but that we were unwilling to offend the modesty of the ingenious writer, and therefore left it to the impertinent officiousness of our departed friend the *Literary Magazine*.

of



of books, collected by M. Zolman, secretary to the late Stephen Poyntz, esq; and was the work of Charles Lord Whitworth, who was sent ambassador extraordinary to the court of Petersburg, in the year 1770, on a solemn and important occasion. ‘ M. de Matueof, the czar’s minister at London, had been arrested in the public street by two bailiffs; at the suit of some tradesmen to whom he was in debt. This affront had like to have been attended with very serious consequences. The czar, who had been absolute enough to civilize savages, had no idea, could conceive none, of the privileges of a nation civilized in the only rational manner, by laws and liberties. He demanded immediate and severe punishment of the offenders; he demanded it of a princess, whom he thought interested to assert the sacredness of the persons of monarchs, even in their representatives; and he demanded it with threats of wreaking his vengeance on all English merchants and subjects established in his dominions. In this light the menace was formidable—otherwise, happily the rights of a whole people were more sacred *here* than the persons of foreign ministers. The czar’s memorials urged the queen with the satisfaction which she had extorted herself, when only the boat and servants of the earl of Manchester had been insulted at Venice. That state had broken through their fundamental laws to content the queen of Great Britain. How noble a picture of government, when a monarch that can force another nation to infringe it’s constitution, dare not violate his own! One may imagine with what difficulties our secretaries of state must have laboured through all the ambages of phrase in English, French, German and Russ, to explain to Muscovite ears and Muscovite understandings, the meaning of indictments, pleadings, precedents, juries, and verdicts; and how impatiently Peter must have listened to promises of a hearing next term! With what astonishment must he have beheld a great queen, engaging to endeavour to prevail on her parliament to pass an act to prevent any such outrage for the future! What honour does it reflect on the memory of that princess to see her not blush to own to an arbitrary emperor, that even to appease *him* she dared not put the meanest of her subjects to death uncondemned by law! “There are, (says she, in one of her dispatches to him) insuperable difficulties with respect to the ancient and fundamental laws of the government of our people, which we fear do not *permit* so severe and rigorous a sentence to be given, as your imperial majesty at first seemed to expect in this case: and we persuade our self, that your imperial majesty, who are a prince famous for clemency and for exact justice, will not require us, *who are the guardian and*

VOL. VI. October 1758. X “ *pro-*

“ *protectors of the laws*, to inflict a punishment upon our subjects, which the laws does not empower us to do.” ‘ Words so venerable and heroic, that this broil ought to become history, and be exempted from the oblivion due to the silly squabbles of ambassadors and their privileges. If Anne deserved praise for her conduct on this occasion, it reflects still greater glory on Peter, that this ferocious man *had* patience to listen to these details, and had moderation and justice enough to be persuaded by the reason of them.’

The editor's reflections on this circumstance are sensible and manly: he has given us likewise an anecdote concerning the author of these memoirs, which is perhaps more entertaining than any thing to be met with in the memoirs themselves. ‘ I was told it (says he) by the late Sir Luke Schaub, who had it from himself: Lord Whitworth had had a personal intimacy with the famous czarina Catherine, at a time when her favours were not purchased nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had compromised the rupture between the court of England and the czar, he was invited to a ball at court, and taken out to dance by the czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, *Have you forgot little Kate?*’ But we will proceed to the account itself, which, in the opinion of the editor, ‘ *though short, is curious.*’

It contains a very brief and general account of the Czar's dominions, revenues, and forces, at that period of time, and (as the editor observes) may be of some use to whoever is inclined to compile a history, or elucidate the transactions of an empire almost unknown even to its cotemporaries. The author of these memoirs, having first acquainted us with the situation, extent, climate and soil of the empire of Muscovy, proceeds to an account of its inhabitants at that period of time, describes the *Laplanders, Samoiedes, Tartars, Czeremisses, Morduars, Baskirs, Calmucks, and Cossacks*, the whole amounting to 6,540,000 souls, according to the highest and most probable computation at that time, when he remarks, that most of the great families were of foreign extraction; and that the czar (*Peter the great*) prided himself in a *Prussian* original, a circumstance which her present *imperial majesty* would probably rather consider as a disgrace. His lordship then gives us an account of the division of the czar's subjects into the three ranks of *Cneas*, or dukes, the gentry called *duornins*, and the *peasants*. This is followed by a short description of their religious worship, secular and regular clergy. The government, laws, and administration, are then slightly treated on.

on. Page fifty-seven of this account, we find a portrait of the famous czar, which, (as the editor justly observes) is not detailed enough to satisfy our curiosity. Such as it is, however, we will give it to our readers. 'The present czar (says Lord Whitworth) is in his thirty-eighth year, a handsome prince, of a strong constitution, but of late much broke by irregular living, and other fatigues: he was very subject to convulsions, said to be the effects of poison from his sister Sophia in his youth, which made him shy of being seen, but of late they are much mended. He is extremely curious and diligent, and has farther improved his empire in ten years, than any other ever was, in ten times that space; and which is more surprising, without any education, without any foreign help, contrary to the intention of his people, clergy, and chief ministers, but merely by the strength of his own genius, observation and example: he has gradually past through all the employments of the army, from a drummer to lieutenant-general; of the fleet, from a common seaman to rear-admiral; and in his ship-yards, from an ordinary carpenter to master-builder: farther particulars, though agreeable, would be too long for this place; he is good-natured but very passionate, though by degrees he has learnt to constrain himself, except the heat of wine is added to his natural temper; he is certainly ambitious, though very modest in appearance; suspicious of other people; not over scrupulous in his engagements, or gratitude; violent in the first heat, irresolute on longer deliberation, not rapacious, but near in his temper and expence to extremity; he loves his soldiers, understands navigation, ship-building, fortification, and fire-working: he speaks High-Dutch pretty readily, which is now growing the court language. He is very particular in his way of living; when at Mosco he never lodges in the palace, but in a little wooden house built for him in the suburbs as colonel of his guards: he has neither court, equipage, or other distinction from a private officer, except when he appears on public solemnities.'

We cannot help observing the remarkable coldness of this description; our ambassador seems by no means to have entertained that exalted opinion of *Peter's* abilities, which we meet in almost every other historian. Few heroes are perhaps so much admired when living as after their deaths. The actions of the great *King of Prussia*, who is worth a thousand *Czar Peters*, do not appear half so astonishing to us as they will to our posterity.



From the *Czar* our author descends to characterize *Menzikoff*, the favourite ; *Golofkin*, chancellor of the empire ; *Schappirroff*, the vice-chancellor ; Prince *Dolgoruki*, privy-counsellor ; Apraxin, high-admiral, and Felt-Marshal *Sheremetoff*, the principal persons who figured at that time in the court of *Peter*. The first of these may satisfy our readers curiosity, and serve as a specimen of our author's merit in portraiture.

‘ His favourite Alexander Menzikoff is born of very mean parents ; was accidentally met by the czar in the streets when a boy, and for some unlucky answers preferred to serve one of his gentlemen ; from which step he is grown by degrees the most powerful subject in Europe ; his diligence and dispatch have been his chief recommendation ; and some have thought their intimacy rather resembled love than friendship, they having frequent jars and constant reconcilements, though some such accident may \* once prove fatal, as has already been very near. His parts are not extraordinary, his education low, for the czar would never let him learn to read or write, and his advancement too quick to give him time for observation or experience. Under the czar's name he uses an absolute power in all affairs ; makes every interest give way to his private passions ; in which he often contradicts the czar's orders, and if it comes to be contested, generally carries the point from his master ; he is not beloved by the common people, and much less by the old nobility and chief officers, who have a strong cabal against him, headed by the high-admiral Apraxin. He was made Prince of the empire in 1706 ; Duke of Ingria in 1707 ; and Felt Marshal in 1709. He is a violent enemy to Felt Marshal Sheremetoff, and has often brought him to the brink of ruin. He has formed a court after the fashion of the little German princes, of chamberlains, marshals, secretaries, &c. most foreigners.’

His lordship then proceeds to give an account of the czar's riches, the coin of the country, the trade, fishery, customs, &c. and acquaints us, that the czar's revenues might then amount on the whole to about seven millions of † rubles per annum. Our

---

\* This sentence, with all due deference to the memory of Lord Whitworth, is not defensible in point of style, *once for one day* is scarce English, and what follows but very indifferent grammar.

† The intrinsic value of a *ruble* is about 4s. 4d. English ; but in the course of exchange is generally reckoned at 6s. 8d.

author then reckons up the czar's forces, which at that time consisted of 150,600 men, besides about 30 or 40,000 Cossacks and Tartars, together with the garrisons of *Siberia* and the North, which are never drawn off for any service in Europe. This little tract concludes with an account of the progress made by the czar in his shipping, wherein vast sums were spent by him to very little purpose. We need not indeed be apprehensive of Russia ever making any figure as a maritime power. The czar himself built one ship of eighty guns; twelve more were likewise finished, our author informs us, on the Don, in which Mr. *Cozens* was employed eight, and Mr. *Nye*, eleven years.

He tells us, at the same time, that all the ships, by the fault of the timber, some being green, others overgrown, and a great part cut in the spring after the sap is run up, which makes the wood spongy, moistness of the air, and damps of the earth, rot as fast as they are built.

He gives us a list also of the shipping then at Petersburg, Olnitz, Ladinople, Archangel, &c. a description of the yards, and officers salaries in them, and concludes with an account of the communications begun by the czar, for the benefit of his trade and shipping between the several rivers, Don and Wolga, Don and Occa, Wolga and the Wolchow running into the Ladoga sea.

‘ These observations (says our author) on the state of Russia are all that occur to me as necessary, till the influence of this nation in the present war, and it's share in the general affairs of Europe, makes this country better known to strangers.’

By which conclusion it appears to us, that this little performance should rather be considered in a political light, as casual minutes and observations brought or sent over to the ministry by Lord Whitworth as ambassador, than designed by him as an author for the inspection of the public.

---

ART. III. *Principia Medicinæ. Auctore Francisco Home, M. D. 8vo.*  
Price 5 s. Hamilton.

THE medical library is swelled, of late years, to so enormous a bulk, that besides the expence of purchasing, and the impossibility of perusing all the books in physic, the young practitioner is perplexed and lost in the multiplicity of opinions,

and diversity of practice. Like a traveller, amidst a variety of different paths he knows not which to chuse ; and at last, trusts to chance to direct him ; or giving up the reins, suffers his beast to be guided by his own instinct. The art of healing has, without dispute, received great improvement in the preliminary institution and theory ; but the addition to a rational practice and history of diseases, we believe, is not considerable. Philosophy, anatomy, and chymistry, are necessary studies, but they only constitute the pleasing, flowery, speculative, and preparatory part of the art. The tedious, the useful, and true knowledge, the diligent and accurate investigation of nature, has, we fear, been too much neglected by authors as well as students and practitioners. Instead of well established rules of sound practice, judicious descriptions of diseases, and a rational method of cure, founded upon repeated and well weighed experiments, the public is cloyed with amusing theories and pretty hypotheses, the figments of a fertile brain and luxurious fancy ; or with the crude, heavy, and voluminous performances of dull systematics. The former have gained the greater applause from their nice construction and curious texture ; but as their beauty consists in the elaborate imitation of a flimsy cobweb, so their duration and utility is equally uncertain and precarious.

Notwithstanding the triteness of that adage, *qui speculantur non medentur*, its truth is both acknowledged and neglected. The first effort of a young physician to introduce himself into practice, and gain a name, is to solve some difficult problem in the animal œconomy, by torturing and wresting nature in support of his idle conjecture, which has perhaps as little truth in it as novelty ; it being no uncommon practice with such novices to purloin a few striking thoughts and hasty experiments, as a foundation on which to erect their theory. Out of numberless instances that might be produced in proof of this assertion, we shall only trouble the reader with one, which for the flagrancy and boldness of the plagiarism deserves to be particularly pointed out. Some time since, a theory and practice of physic was published by Dr. S——re, founded upon the electrical nature of the nervous fluid ; and solving every difficulty in the human system, the doctrine of diseases, and method of cure, from *fire*, which he supposes the great instrument of nature in all her operations. Some readers were pleased with the thought, others admired the workmanship, and many imagined they discovered in the author shrewd symptoms of insanity, and a disturbed intellect ; but all agreed, that the performance was new and ingenious : such is the power of novelty, that what the judgment condemns



as fiction and absurdity, the imagination embraces for truth and reality. The doctor procured a patient or two by the merit of his performance and its supposed novelty; how long they might have lived under his hands we know not. This however we will assert, that the whole theory was published some years before by M. Deshais, and with circumstances so analogous, as to leave no doubt remaining of the doctor's having plundered the foreigner. This treatise fell into our hands by mere accident; and we can account, from the scarcity of the performance, for the doctor's having so long avoided detection. However, it must be owned, his ingratitude in omitting his acknowledgments to M. Deshais, is not singular. We could produce a string of medical writers, who have acquired the reputation of originals from the happy talent of after-thought only, and of discreetly wrapping up what they stole; but the task would be invidious, and foreign to our purpose.

If medical reputation must be acquired by writing, we cannot but think the painful, phlegmatic, and cold compiler, deserves the preference, and is a less noxious animal than the lively, fanciful, and pert theorist. The one tires your patience, but the other staggers your principles and confounds your practice. We shall beg leave to communicate to the young practitioner, and raw student, a method from which we have received considerable advantage in the course of our studies. It is this: in an idle hour and rainy day, we have amused ourselves with one of those productions as with a novel, poem, or a play; whilst the honest compiler was consulted occasionally, as we would apply to a Dutch annotator, commentator, or dictionary, to remove rubbish and clear our way. Those last, like a plaister or poultice, keep to the outside of taste and science, and hang upon the skirts of nature, whereby they are sometimes useful, always inoffensive; whereas the others, like a powerful chymical liquor, seize on the vital parts, and at once destroy every principle of reason, experience, and of common sense.

Not to waste the reader's time with general remarks, we will observe, that Dr. Home seems to us a writer of a different complexion from either of the former. He is your nice distinguisher; your minute observer; your gleaner that picks up every corn and stalk after the reapers; and your concise abridger of nature, who in the compass of a small volume lays down every thing requisite in the history of diseases, and the art of healing. The work before us, is a compendium of his lectures on the practice of physic, in which he professes to have borrowed his materials from Hoffman, and his style from Celsus: In the

one the doctor appears to be faithful, and in the other not always unsuccessful ; although we think his language too much a translation, and frequently favouring of his vernacular idiom, to be an exact copy of that elegant original ; instances of which will probably occur in the extracts we shall have occasion to make.—However, his style in general is plain, simple, and perspicuous.

Before he enters upon the description and cure of diseases, he gives the reader some definitions, axioms, and divisions in practical physic ; some useful and judicious \* cautions concerning the preservation of health : general remarks upon diseases and their immediate and remote causes, many of which are sensible and sagacious, others trifling and of little consequence in practice ; observations upon the seat, symptoms, origin, crisis, diagnostics and prognostics of diseases, where the doctor has rather pointed out the subtle divisions and distinctions of authors, than of nature, and what is found by a close attention to the sick bed.

Our author in the next place proceeds to the therapeutic part ; gives some general laws of the art, more useful than new ; recites the powers and efficacy of medicines, with some other particulars, which we could wish he had extended to a greater length. The same reasons which deterred him from this, might be given against his writing at all, viz. The great number of authors who have already treated the subject ; for indeed we know not the branch of physic that is not crowded with authors, or part of the kingdom which swarms not with the faculty. Lastly, the doctor comes to the history, description, and cure of diseases, concisely pointing out the various symptoms, diagnostics, and other circumstances peculiar to each, and distinguishing it from every other ; likewise enumerating the medicines and methods used in the best received practice, without descending to the formulary and prescriptive part. It will be but justice to the doctor to acknowledge, that reading, reflection, judgment, and experience, seem united to give utility and weight to what he says on this subject. Few writers have treated it with more skill and address ; and if we are favoured with nothing new, we are at least freed from what is impertinent and superfluous. As a proof of what we assert, we shall present the reader with what the doctor says of intermitting fevers, to which he subjoins a few sensible queries.

---

\* Here some ingenious and pretty observations upon the different passions and their effects on the human body, occur.

SECT. V. *Febris intermittens.*

1. Intermittens febris haec est, quando inter paroxysmos febriles plena *απεξία* vel intermissio a febre. Sydenhamus noster in symptomatibus describendis deficit, sed in distinctionibus, natura, morbis pedisequis, et curatione omnibus anteit.

2. Distinctio 1ma, In vernalem et autumnalem. 2da, quotidianam, tertianam, quartanam, &c. et irregularem. 3tia, In tertianam duplicem, semitertianam, quartanam duplicem, quartanam triplicem. 4ta, Epidemiam et endemiam.

3. Causa remota est nimio humiditas in aëre, 1. Quia veniunt temporibus anni humidis. 2. Aufugiunt temporibus siccis. 3. Quo magis humidum tempus, eo magis saeviunt. 4. In locis aquosis, paludosis semper grassantur. 5. Quando constitutio favet, morem gerunt humiditati aeris per aggro-metrum mensurati.

4. An humiditas operatur fibras relaxando? Ita videtur, 1. Aqua fibras animales longiores et minus elasticas reddit. 2. Qui tensas fibras habent, minus obnoxii huic morbo. 3. Qui vinum aut spir. vini bibunt, minime obnoxii. 4. Pulsus revera tardior humidis temporibus quam siccis. 5. Intermittens curatur calidis et astringentibus.

5. Sequitur imminuta perspiratio a vi fibrarum diminuta: ergo impedita perspiratio Sanctoriana et laxa fibra, causae proximae. Sua enim mole ruunt theoreticae medicorum opinioniones de origine hujus mali: ruit sanguinis fermentatio chylum acidum corrigens, uti Willisio visum est; fermentatio bilis et lymphae in duodeno et corde, uti Silvio; recursus et fermentatio succi nervosi in transitu per nervos et glandulas in vasa lymphatica obstructi, uti Borelli placuit; crudae acidaeque sanguinis particulae in superficie corporis haerentes, et fibras ibi vellicantes, ut Jones asseruit; aciditas sanguinis succum nervosum inficiens, ut Bezancon contendit.

6. Paroxysmus se dividit in tria stadia, 1. Frigoris, 2. Caloris, 3. Sudoris.

Primum stadium incipit oscitatione; pandiculatione; sensatione quadam in dorso, aut digitorum extremitatibus, haud verbis describenda. Insequitur horror; tremor; dentium quassatio; summum frigus quod ad sensum, quando revera magis calet corpus; vomitus; dolor articularum, dorsi, capitis; respiratio difficillima; urina pellucida; pulsus celer, parvus, debilis, contractus, propterque tremores vix numerandas.



• dus. Durat per horam unam, duas, tres, vel quatuor: Stadium periculosissimum.

• Frigore gradatim recedente, a tergo urget calor vix tolerandus. Arteriae se dilatant, digitumque cum impetu feriunt. • Respiratio fortis et libera. Dolet caput; deliriumque aliquando adest. Sitis maxima, cum lingua alba. Pericordiorum calor magnus. In regione ventriculi dolor et aliquando tumor. Urina rubella. Sanguis detractus plerumque solito densior praecipue vere, nonnunquam gravibus locis et temporibus ruber superne, inferne niger est, cum parva feri portione et minore quam in sanitate cohaerentia. Stadium secundum.

• Tandem aegro fere exarescente tertium stadium incipit, cum copioso per totum corpus sudore. Omnia nunc remittunt symptomata, continuatoque per tres quatuorve horas sudore, omnino disparent. Urina rubra sedimentum deponit lateritium. Somnus. Intermissio.

• Inter paroxysmos debilitas, ad sudorem proclivitas et appetitus prostratus.

• 7. Omnia haec symptomata a laxa fibra et retenta perspiratione originem plane ducunt. Sanguis inflammatus et viscidus in extremis vasis haeret; hinc sensus frigoris. Tremoribus repetitis solvuntur obstructions. Sanguine inflammata febris accenditur. Vasa cutanea laxata, tantam vim sustinere non possunt; ergo, sudor copiosus febrem tollens. Eadem fibrarum laxitate remanente, iterum redit paroxysmus. A ratione composita ex diversa sanguinis inflammabilitate, diversa perspirabilis materiae quantitate, diversaeque fibrarum laxitate, diversae oriuntur intermittentium species.

• 8. Aliquando citius, aliquando tardius solvuntur, uti epidemici constitutio permittit. Aegrum nonnunquam per plures menses fatigant.

• 9. Insequuntur saepe dolores rheumatici, febris hectica, aqua intercus, hydrops, scorbutus, icterus, lien induratus et tumefactus, rachitis, diabetes, desipientia.

• 10. Diagnosin in primi paroxysmi initio haud parum difficilis a febre continua. Tremor validus et frigus magnum sine ullo interposito calore, tres vel quatuor horas durans, priorem; tremores parvi, frigus calorque vicissim, posteriorem potius indicant. Notitia epidemici regnantis diagnosim confirmat. Species diversae, duobus paroxysmis elapsis, certe solummodo cognoscuntur.

• 11. Pro-

‘ 11. Prognosis bona quando in labiis pustulae apparent.  
 ‘ Quo magis regularis febris intermittens in tribus stadiis, eo  
 ‘ melior. Epidemicæ peiores quam sporadicæ; quartanæ  
 ‘ quam aliae; autumnales quam vernaes. Hydrops incerta;  
 ‘ si a scirrho viscerum oritur, mortem denunciat. Tonsillarum  
 ‘ inflammatio lethalis. Infirmos senesque primum stadium  
 ‘ nonnunquam rapit. Nimio motu, frigore, sudore impedito,  
 ‘ medicamentis calidis mutatur in morbos acutos pleuriticos.

‘ 12. Curatur, 1. Venaesectione parca, si pulsus plenus,  
 ‘ aliudve symptoma postulat, quod sæpe accidit in vernalibus.  
 ‘ 2. Sudorificis. 3. Vomitu ita exhibito, ut ante paroxysmum  
 ‘ totum corpus fortiter concutiat. 4. Medicamentis calefaci-  
 ‘ entibus interne assumptis. 5. Extra applicatis forma olei, li-  
 ‘ namenti. 6. Salinis aperientibus. 7. Astringentibus. 8.  
 ‘ Cortice Peruviano. 9. Corpus instaurando frictione; equi-  
 ‘ tatione; cibo reficiente, et quam maxime ab accessione fu-  
 ‘ tura reducto; vino; loci mutatione. Caveat jam convales-  
 ‘ cens a solita paroxysmi hora et die; diu enim meminisse con-  
 ‘ venit. Facile revertitur, nisi a sano aliquamdiu timetur.

‘ In paroxysmo indicantur multus potus diluens, acidulus et  
 ‘ moderatus calor.

‘ 13. Rheumatismus curatur frictione, calore et unguentis  
 ‘ deobstruentibus. 2. Febris hæctica curatu difficilis; profunt  
 ‘ venaesectiones parcae sæpius in statu sanguinis inflammatorio  
 ‘ perficiendae; epispastica repetita, et agitatio mitis. 3. Aqua  
 ‘ intercus et hydrops, purgantibus et corroborantibus: incisio  
 ‘ pedum aquae exitum patefacit. 4. Scorbutus raro medica-  
 ‘ menta requirit; tollitur alvum ducentibus et deobstruentibus.  
 ‘ 5. Icterus et lien induratus, medicamentis aperientibus sapo-  
 ‘ naceis. 6. Rachitis, purgantibus et corroborantibus. 7. Di-  
 ‘ abetes, corroborantibus. 8. Desipientia, calefacientibus, in-  
 ‘ staurantibus, corroborantibus.

‘ 14. An certis praesidiis muniri potest corpus contra inter-  
 ‘ mittentes, et quibus? Quare vernalis sanitatem promittit?  
 ‘ An licet post morbum purgare? Quare aliquando stadium  
 ‘ primum frigoris, aliquando tertium sudoris, nonnunquam  
 ‘ utrumque, absunt? Quare tam sæpe relapsum patiuntur  
 ‘ aegri, quando huic morbo favet aër? Quare quartana om-  
 ‘ nium curatu difficillima?

To conclude, we recommend the doctor's performance as one  
 of the best summaries of physic we know. He has rectified the  
 errors, retrenched the bulk, and cleared the obscurities which oc-  
 cur

cur in authors, otherwise valuable ; and if he is sometimes trifling and unnecessarily minute, he more than compensates those trivial blemishes, by real and useful knowledge.

ART. IV. *The Case of the Royal Martyr considered with Candour ; or, an answer to some libels lately published in prejudice to the memory of that unfortunate prince ; particularly to I. A letter to a clergyman, relating to his sermon on the 30th of January : being a complete answer to all the sermons that ever have been, or ever shall be, preached in the like strain on that anniversary. II. An enquiry into the share which king Charles I. had in the transactions of the earl of Glamorgan, &c. Wherein the conjectures and main positions of that writer are shewn to be false, groundless, and by no means reconcilable with the character of a critic or a scholar. In two vols. 8vo. Pr. 6s. 6d. Richardson.*

THE unprejudiced reader who will take the trouble to peruse this long-winded performance will see the character of Charles the First fully vindicated from many, if not all the aspersions which have been thrown upon it by malice, credulity, or misinformation. It is, indeed, a very elaborate performance, compiled from a careful attention to particular circumstances related by the most authentic historians : the facts are generally well stated ; the inferences fairly deduced ; and the style for the most part clear and accurate. But, after all, we can scarce perceive any good reason that should have induced the author to take all this pains upon an exhausted subject. Every intelligent person of candour and humanity was already well convinced of that unfortunate monarch's innocence ; deplored his hard fate, and looked with abhorrence on his persecutors and murderers, as well as upon those wretched enthusiasts who have undertaken to palliate the guilt of such a cruel and infamous transaction. To accomplish this end, they had no other expedient than that of blackening the character of a hapless, though virtuous sovereign, which they have loaded with all the calumnies which falshood and rancour could suggest. There is something so sordid, base, and ungenerous in the attempt to traduce the reputation of those who can no longer answer for their own conduct, that none but the lowest and vilest of mankind will undertake the task. Even when a living character is flagrantly wicked and worthless, and it becomes the duty of a public writer to represent it in its true colours, for the benefit of the community, he will not without reluctance (if his mind be tinged with generosity) engage in an office, by which he may run the least risque of incurring



curring the imputation of envy and ill-nature. What, then, shall we say of those accusers, who, at the end of a century, have, with a species of malevolence peculiar to themselves, raked into the ashes of the unfortunate monarch, who, in spite of such virtue as very seldom adorns a throne, fell a sacrifice to the atrocious villany and unparalleled treason of a miserable faction? Authors who have run upon the scent of obsolete scandal, with an appetite truly canine, that they may feast upon the remains of murdered reputation; like famished wolves in winter, prowling in church-yards and cœmeteries, and tearing up the buried corpse from its grave; with this difference, however, that the wolves are compelled, by the savage calls of hunger, to this horrid banquet; whereas the human terrier, who violates the ashes of dead merit, has not the plea of necessity to urge in his excuse. To write in refutation of calumnies propagated by such men, is, we apprehend, an undertaking as unnecessary as it will be found ineffectual. The favourers of those calumnies are a set of people incapable of conviction. There is a principle within them that finds a gratification in bringing down superior merit to their own level; that finds an enjoyment in the spoils of character, which it will not be persuaded to forego. It not only obstructs the rays of truth, but also denies the effect of those which it cannot exclude. This invidious principle, co-operating with bigotry, prejudice, and ignorance, produces a total infatuation, impenetrable to all the efforts of sense, reason, and reflection.

The author of the book now before us, professes to have taken up the pen, in order to prevent the mischievous effects of the many ignorant libels upon our constitution, and to vindicate the cause of an excellent church, and an excellent prince, who died a martyr for it. For our parts we hope, that neither our Church nor Constitution is in any danger, *Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis*. On the other hand, we are apprehensive that such controversies, instead of healing divisions, will, by irritating both parties mutually, rather help to widen the unhappy breaches which faction had made among the natives of these kingdoms. The dispute is of such a nature, that neither side, notwithstanding all their pretensions to candour and universal benevolence, can argue upon the subject with coolness and temper. Even this honest man, whose work we now consider, in spite of all his caution to guard against indecent heat, and all the ill-natured suggestions of prejudice and party-zeal, is warmed in the course of his argumentation into all the bitterness and acrimony of opposition. In the very preface, before he has had the opportunity of producing one fact or inference, he insults the persons whom  
he

he has undertaken to refute. He taxes them with *trifling*, with *adding to*, *curtailing*, *misrepresenting*, or *disguising the most authentic facts*, with *advancing positions which are utterly false*, or *drawing false conclusions from those that are admitted to be true*; with *filling almost every page of their books with insinuations or reflections, which have an evident tendency to misguide illiterate readers, to revive and perpetuate old animosities, to inflame the passions of the populace, to encourage and propagate republican principles.*

This is a very heavy charge, which we could have wished had rather occurred in the perusal of the facts and evidences, as they are stated through the course of the performance, than appeared thus summed up together like an impeachment in the preface, so as to furnish his antagonist with a handle to say his intention was to anticipate the judgment of the reader. In a word, tho' we generally agree with him in his reasoning, we cannot help owning that his preface is full of abuse; and that in the course of his work, he lets slip no opportunity of manifesting an unchristian asperity against dissenting protestants. It is no easy task, indeed, for a member of the church of England to speak without resentment of a vulgar, insolent, and illiterate sect of fanatics, which overturned the hierarchy, and tyrannized over its members with the most brutal despotism: but, surely we ought to make a proper distinction between such frantic zealots, and those moderate dissenters, who, from motives of conscience, differ in some particulars from the established forms of religion. The latter part of our author's preface is composed of a panegyric upon the late Mr. Carte, whom he celebrates as the best historian that ever wrote on the affairs of England. We shall not at present enter into a discussion of that gentleman's qualifications as an historian, nor presume to determine whether he ought to be ranked among the best or the worst writers that ever recorded the transactions of any people: that he was one or t'other is certainly true.

In the introduction, our author examines some few particulars which were thought to affect the character of king Charles the First, exclusive of the main points to be considered in the body of the work: the design of this examination is to prove that the author of *An essay towards attaining a true idea of king Charles the First*, has endeavoured to impose upon his readers, by the most unfair representation of men and things; of characters and histories. He reviews the essayist's authorities, among whom he justly takes exception to *Neal*, *Bennet*, and *Pierse*, and treats *Oldmixon* with that contempt which he deserved, both as a man and an historian. With respect to *Rapin*, he refers the reader to  
Salmon's

Salmon's history, in which he will find that author clearly convicted of *numerous faults, numerous misrepresentations, and FALSHOODS*. He likewise objects to Burnet and Whitelocke; and insists not only on the veracity of Clarendon's history, but likewise upon its being the genuine copy as written with his lordship's own hand, ungarbled and unadulterated by any other. This investigation was the more necessary, as the essayist hints that the original was unfairly dealt with. Our author has, we think, fairly disproved this calumny, which, indeed, had before been refuted by Dr. Burton.

“ As the original had been advertised to be seen at Mr. Radcliffe's in Bartlett's Buildings, Mr. Radcliffe was obliged in honour to shew it to gentlemen of known credit and real worth; and it is most certain, he readily did so. He shewed it to several gentlemen of the first rank and character in the kingdom; some of whom were well acquainted with Lord Clarendon's hand-writing — had a good deal of his writing in their custody — compared it with the original, and declared they were fully satisfied, that Oldmixon's story was an infamous calumny. Now, can your friend be so weak as to suppose, that Mr. Radcliffe's refusing to shew the manuscript to two obscure persons, is sufficient to invalidate such evidence as this? to invalidate the testimony of several gentlemen of worth and distinction, of known and undoubted credit and integrity? Jack Straw may with as good reason deny that there are any monuments in Harry the Seventh's chapel, because he is not always permitted to see them.

“ Oldmixon, when he published the above advertisement, was drove to his last shifts, and had not a material syllable to say in his defence. He would sometimes endeavour to evade the charge, and shift it off upon Duckett or Smith, &c. At other times he appeared hardened against conviction, wrote and *floundered on* (as the poet observes) *in mere despair*. At length, disappointed, angry, ridiculed, and laughed at by *some* — despised and held in the utmost contempt by others — by those who before had shewn him some little countenance — in this wretched, contemptible situation, he gave out that two persons, well versed in hand-writing, &c. were refused a sight of the *Original of Clarendon*: for which reason, says he, *I shall be at no more pains about it.* — A prudent resolution undoubtedly! it being certain, that had he and his friends seen the manuscript, they would have seen, what they did not like to see. The sight of a gibbet only serves to shew some people what they are; and I think such people are extremely pru-



“ prudent, who resolve not to be brought within the sight of  
 “ it at all.”

Here follows a refutation of what the essayist writes, after Neal, namely, that Charles I. was baptized by a Presbyterian minister of Scotland. As if this were a crime of the deepest dye imputed to Charles, our author argues with great zeal against the assertion, and presents us with an account of that king's birth and baptism, copied from a manuscript in the Lyon's office at Edinburgh; written by John Blinseles, Illy herald, who assisted at the ceremony; by which extract it appears, that Charles was christened by David Lindsay, bishop of Ross. But if he had been baptized by John Knox himself, or Alexander Henderson, the other Scotch apostle, we cannot see how this incident could be adduced to the prejudice of his character. The book begins with the answer to a letter intituled, *A Letter to a Clergyman, relating to his Sermon on the thirtieth of January; being a complete answer to all the sermons that ever have been, or ever shall be preached in the like strain on that anniversary.* The author of this letter, we are given to understand, was one C——de, merchant in Exeter; and he that answers it, call himself a merchant in London. This last has attacked the other with great vigour, first in his dedication to the bishop of W——r, which he demonstrates to be fraudulent and ridiculous; and then, in confuting the letter-writer, concerning the character of King Charles, which the said C——de had foully belied, calling him a lawless tyrant, who had nothing in his head or his heart, but to subvert the constitution and enslave his people. Our answerer begins his defence, by inserting the following declaration of the parliament at the restoration.

“ We do renounce, abominate, and protest against, that im-  
 “ pious fact, committed by a party of wretched men, despe-  
 “ rately wicked, and hardened in their impiety, the execrable  
 “ murder, and most unparalleled treason, against the sacred  
 “ person and life of K. Charles the Ist. and *all proceedings tend-*  
 “ *ing thereunto*; an horrid action, by which the Protestant reli-  
 “ gion hath received the greatest wound and reproach, and the  
 “ people of England the most insupportable shame and infamy,  
 “ that it was possible for the enemies of God and the king to  
 “ bring upon us; while the fanatic rage of a few miscreants  
 “ (who were as far from being true Protestants, as they were  
 “ from being true subjects) stands imputed by our adversaries  
 “ to the whole nation. And for the better vindication of our-  
 “ selves to posterity, and as a lasting monument of our other-  
 “ wise inexpressible detestation and abhorrence of this villanous  
 “ and

‘ and abominable fact, we keep and observe this anniversary  
“ day of fasting and humiliation; to implore the mercy of God;  
“ that neither the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood; nor  
“ those other sins, by which God was provoked to deliver up  
“ both us and our king into the hands of cruel and unreasonable  
“ men, may, at any time hereafter, be visited upon us or our  
“ posterity. 12 Car. II. 30.”

‘ You have here the sense of parliament with respect to the  
‘ murder of king Charles, and *the rebellious proceedings tending*  
‘ *thereunto*; and till you had been well assured that their senti-  
‘ ments in this respect were absolutely wrong, it had been decent  
‘ in you, to have acquiesced in the sense of the great council of the  
‘ nation; at least to have paid as great deference to their wisdom  
‘ and integrity, as to the idle and infamous tales of a writer, who,  
‘ I flatter myself, before I have finished my letter, will appear to  
‘ be a writer of less credit than Mr. C——de is aware of.  
‘ But was he an author of greater reputation than he really is,  
‘ is he to be set up as the standard of truth? is he of authority  
‘ sufficient to confront the sense of parliament (I will venture to  
‘ add) the most authentic histories and records which are extant?  
‘ And yet this writer (though you don’t care to own it) is your  
‘ principal authority; there being scarce a paragraph of con-  
‘ sequence relating to the conduct of the unfortunate prince we  
‘ are speaking of (a few improvements of your own excepted)  
‘ but what is taken, almost *verbatim*, from the celebrated Mr.  
‘ Oldmixon.’

He proceeds with his defence, which is well supported, tho’  
not without some sarcastic allusions to the personal character of  
the letter-writer, that favour strongly of frauds in commerce.  
Here too we find the following ingenious solution of that pro-  
blematical apparition, recorded in Clarendon’s history.

‘ What I shall observe further, Mr. C——de, may possibly,  
‘ be out of your way. However, if the reader will pardon the  
‘ digression, I will venture to make a remark or two upon this  
‘ famous story, which may not be disagreeable. I own, I  
‘ do not believe that the *appearance* was really a ghost; and I  
‘ think, Lord Clarendon was of the same opinion. The story,  
‘ when his lordship wrote, was well known and well attested; and  
‘ whether there was any thing of *contrivance* in the affair or not,  
‘ the example of Livy would fully warrant a relation of this  
‘ *visionary kind*, which appears to be so pleasing a relief to the  
‘ reader, and so great an ornament to the history.

‘ Supposing a *contrivance*, the manner in which it is concealed  
 ‘ from being obvious at first sight is exquisitely fine. The veil,  
 ‘ which is thrown over it, is drawn with great skill and delicacy.  
 ‘ Had the *contrivance* been immediately exposed to view, the  
 ‘ beauty of the *piece* must have vanished with the apparition, and  
 ‘ sunk into a *surprising nothing*; and yet the shades, into which  
 ‘ it is thrown, are so thin and fine, that it cannot, I think, escape  
 ‘ a close inspection. The serious air, with which the story is  
 ‘ told, and the beautiful, the artful negligence, with which the  
 ‘ *imposition* is disguised, are the strokes of a masterly hand. They  
 ‘ would at *first sight* incline us to believe that the *apparition* was a  
 ‘ real messenger from the other world; but, upon a *nearer view*,  
 ‘ you discover the countess dowager of Buckingham behind the  
 ‘ scenes, directing the whole affair.

‘ It is observable that “the ghost was dressed in the cloaths  
 ‘ which Sir George Villiers wore, when the officer, to whom he  
 ‘ appeared, was a school-boy, and in which habit, he had good  
 ‘ reason to remember Sir George, he having received great fa-  
 ‘ vours from him, at that season of life.” ‘ Now, as it cannot be  
 ‘ imagined, that the countess of Buckingham would want either  
 ‘ interest or opportunity to execute such a scheme in Windfor-  
 ‘ Castle, so no one, perhaps, could so easily have been furnished  
 ‘ with a *proper habit* for that purpose, as the lady, who was in  
 ‘ possession of the family wardrobe.

‘ It is further observable, that “when the officer mentioned  
 ‘ those particulars to the duke which were to gain him credit,  
 ‘ the duke’s colour changed, and he swore he could come to  
 ‘ that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars  
 ‘ were known only to himself, and to one person more, who,  
 ‘ he was sure, would never speak of it.”

‘ Now, who could that one person be, but the countess? If  
 ‘ the duke did not mean the countess, why did he leave the field,  
 ‘ and hurry away to her lodgings at Whitehall? If he had not  
 ‘ suspected her of, and charged her with being the contriver of  
 ‘ this *visionary scene*, and with disclosing some family secrets,  
 ‘ what could be the meaning of that angry discourse, which  
 ‘ was observed to have passed between them? Why did he appear  
 ‘ so displeased at quitting her room? Or, what account can be  
 ‘ given of his leaving a lady, overwhelmed in tears, whom he  
 ‘ had always treated with the most dutiful respect and esteem?  
 ‘ The noble historian undoubtedly intended this part of the  
 ‘ narrative, as a key to the whole. But the reader is left to  
 ‘ judge of this particular, as he pleases. The few remarks I



‘ have here made are sufficient to obviate the poultry objections  
‘ of the contemptible scribler above mentioned, who would in-  
‘ sinuate, that *lord Clarendon was superstitiously credulous* (See Old-  
‘ mixon’s Hist. vol. i. p. 101.) It is plain, on the other hand,  
‘ that his lordship had a proper notion of the affair, and only  
‘ related the story in imitation of the best and most valuable  
‘ ancient writers, whom it is well known, *that scribler knew*  
‘ nothing of.

‘ But the character of Mr. Oldmixon, and the authors from  
‘ whence he has taken the principal part of his historical mate-  
‘ rials; and the numerous and notorious *falsehoods, blunders, in-*  
‘ *consistencies, misrepresentations, scurrilities, lownesses, &c.* with  
‘ which his voluminous libel almost every where abounds, are  
‘ too well known to men of sense and learning to deserve any  
‘ further animadversion. At present, I shall only observe, that  
‘ this is the historian, from whom Mr. C——de has taken al-  
‘ most every one of those incontestable facts, which are to jus-  
‘ tify the Grand Rebellion, and confront all the authentic his-  
‘ tories, which are extant.’

In the second letter, which is a continuance of the Defence,  
we meet with a very extraordinary testimony in favour of Charles,  
by that very Alexander Henderson, the presbyterian minister,  
who had opposed the king with such virulent animosity.

“ Mr. Robert Freebairn, archdeacon of Dumblain, and mi-  
“ nister of Gask and Strathern, a person of great worth and  
“ integrity, gave me this following account: That while Mr.  
“ Henderson was in his decay, of which he died, Mr. John  
“ Freebairn, father of this Mr. Robert, and one Mr. Rue and  
“ another minister (whose name I have forgot) went together  
“ to visit him. He, the said Mr. Robert, who was then a  
“ preacher, went along with them; after some things had  
“ passed in discourse, one of the ministers addressed himself to  
“ Mr. Henderson to this purpose; that now, in all likelihood he  
“ was dying, that he had been very much concerned in the pub-  
“ lick commotions, which for some years before had happened  
“ in Scotland; that his testimony after his death would be of  
“ great weight with all those that were zealous for the cause,  
“ &c. that, therefore, it was very proper, that he should lay  
“ himself open to those that were then present, that they might  
“ be in a condition to encourage their brethren, &c. To which  
“ Mr. Henderson composedly and deliberately replied to this  
“ purpose: That he had been very active in *overturning episco-*  
“ *pacy and encouraging rebellion*; but he took God to witness,

“ that he proposed nothing to himself, when he began, but the  
 “ security of Religion and the Kirk, in opposition to Popery,  
 “ which he was made to believe, was at the bottom of the  
 “ king’s designs : but now he was sensible, that his fears were  
 “ groundless: he had opportunities of conversing freely with  
 “ the king, and he was well satisfied, that he was as *sincere a*  
 “ *protestant as any in his dominions*; he was heartily sorry, and  
 “ humbly begged God’s pardon for it, that he had been so for-  
 “ ward in a course so unjustifiable: that, if it should please  
 “ God to restore him to health and strength, he would go no  
 “ further on in that course, and he was heartily afraid, that they  
 “ had all gone too far already. Nothing was so proper for  
 “ them as to retract, and return to their duty to his majesty,  
 “ who was *the learnedst, the most religious, and every way the best*  
 “ *king, that ever did sit upon a throne in Britain*. This his dis-  
 “ course so surprised them, that they for some time sat silent;  
 “ at length one of them (I think it was Mr. Rue) bespake the  
 “ rest of them after this manner. Brethren, this our Brother  
 “ is in a high fever and raving; you ought not to heed what  
 “ he says. No, says Mr. Henderson, I am very weak indeed,  
 “ but am not at all raving, blessed be God, who, for his infinite  
 “ mercy, allows the use of my reason in this my low estate, in  
 “ which I have as much as ever; I hope I have spoken no  
 “ incoherences, and what I have said, I will say over again.  
 “ Then he resumed what he had said, and enlarged upon it, and  
 “ *desired them in the name of God to believe what he spoke was*  
 “ *from his heart, and with the sincerity and seriousness, which be-*  
 “ *came a dying person*. After they had taken their leave, the  
 “ three ministers enjoined Mr. Robert Freebairn a profound  
 “ silence of what he had heard, discharging him to communi-  
 “ cate it to any person whatsoever, and they added threatnings  
 “ also to their prohibition. But he (as he told me himself) bold-  
 “ ly told them, that he thought himself bound in conscience to  
 “ declare what he had heard, as he had occasion, God’s glory  
 “ required it, and it was Mr. Henderson’s purpose, that it shall  
 “ be propaled and propagated. This account I had oftener  
 “ than once from Mr. Freebairn’s own mouth. He died about  
 “ 21 or 22 years ago, aged about seventy.

I am, Sir, Yours,

JOHN SAGE.

It is really astonishing to see with what ease and dexterity  
 this author invalidates almost every article of the charge which  
 has been brought against Charles by his enemies and persecutors.  
 Nothing redounds more to the honour of that hapless prince,  
 than

than his conduct upon a very interesting occasion, as it is here related.

“ The night before the king was seized by the army and removed from Newport to Hurst-Castle, his majesty and the few friends who were then with him, viz. the duke of Richmond, the earl of Lindsey and colonel Cooke, were fully apprized of the design. The question therefore in this desperate case was, what was most adviseable to be done. The lords argued for the king’s attempting an immediate escape, for he would better bring about a personal treaty with the parliament, (which he so much coveted) when out of the reach of the army, than when in their power; and this would certainly secure the safety of his person, which else might be very probably much in danger. But before they could proceed to debate the manner of this escape, the king prevented it, thus arguing against the escape itself; first arguing the difficulty, if not impossibility of accomplishing it; next, the consequences, that in case he should miscarry in the attempt, it would exasperate the army and dishearten his friends; and lastly, that if the army should seize him, they must preserve him for their own sakes: for that no party could secure their own interest, with joining his with it, his son being now out of their reach.

“ The earl of Lindsey replied, Take heed, Sir, lest you fall into such hands, as will not steer by such rules of policy; remember Hampton-Court, where your escape was your best security.

“ The duke of Richmond adding, that he thought it feasible enough; and turning about to colonel Cooke, asked how he passed to and fro? Who answered, he had the Word. The duke asked, Whether he believed, he could pass him too? Who answered, He made no question but he could; at which the duke took a longer cloak without a star, and made the colonel go along with him through the guards, and so returned again to the king, acquainting him with what he had done and with what ease; and thence took the advantage again to persuade the king’s attempting to escape; who on a sudden turning himself from the two lords, that were discouraging with him at the window, to colonel Cooke, who stood drying himself by the fire, said, Ned Cooke, what do you advise me in this case? who humbly answered, he suspected his own judgment too much, to presume to offer any advice, considering both the greatness of the danger, and



“ the person concerned in it; that his majesty had his privy  
 “ council with him, to whom he humbly besought him to listen,  
 “ observing what they pressed him to. At which the lords re-  
 “ sumed their former discourse of attempting an escape; but  
 “ the king turning about again said, Ned, I command you to give  
 “ me your advice. At which the colonel begged leave, after  
 “ he had premised some particulars, he might ask his majesty  
 “ a question; who permitting him, Suppose, said he, I should  
 “ not only tell your majesty, that the army would very sud-  
 “ denly seize upon you, but by concurring circumstances fully  
 “ convince your majesty it would be so; also that I have the  
 “ Word, horses ready at hand, a vessel at the Come, and  
 “ hourly expecting me; that I am ready and desirous to at-  
 “ tend you, and this dismal dark night, as it were, suited to the  
 “ purpose; so that I can foresee no visible difficulty in the thing,  
 “ which I suppose to be in all particulars the true state of this  
 “ present case; the only question now is, what will your ma-  
 “ jesty resolve to do? Who, after a small pause, pronounced  
 “ this positive answer; They have promised Me, and I have  
 “ promised Them. I will not break first.”

‘ The duke of Richmond urging the colonel to speak, he  
 ‘ craved leave to speak, to argue the point with the king, who  
 ‘ said, With all his heart.’

“ I presume, Sir, (said the colonel) your majesty intends by  
 “ these words (They and Them) the Parliament; if so, the  
 “ scene is now quite altered or changed, your present appre-  
 “ hension arising from the army, who have so far already  
 “ violated the promises of the parliament, as to invade your  
 “ majesty’s freedom and safety, by changing the single sentinel  
 “ of state at the outward door, into strong guards on your  
 “ very bed-chamber; which is in itself no better than a con-  
 “ finement, and probable the forerunner of something more,  
 “ a speedy and absolute imprisonment.”

‘ The king replied, however, He would not do any thing  
 ‘ that should look like a breaking of his word; and so bade  
 ‘ him and the earl of Lindsey good night, and that he would go  
 ‘ and take his rest too, as long as he could. To which co-  
 ‘ lonel Cooke replied, I fear it will not be long. The king  
 ‘ answered, As please God. The king perceiving great unea-  
 ‘ siness and disorder in the colonel, said, Ned, what troubles  
 ‘ you? tell me; who replied, Sir, to consider the greatness of  
 ‘ your majesty’s danger, and your unwillingness to avoid it.  
 ‘ The king replied, Ne’er let that trouble you; were it greater,  
 ‘ I would not break my word to prevent it, &c.

‘ In the morning, just at break of day, the king hearing a  
‘ great knocking at his dressing-room door, sent the duke of  
‘ Richmond to know what it meant; who enquiring who was  
‘ there, was answered, one Mildmay (one of those servants  
‘ whom the parliament had put to the king, and brother to Sir  
‘ Henry) The duke demanding what he would have? he an-  
‘ swered, There were some gentlemen from the army, very de-  
‘ sirous to speak with the king; which account the duke gave  
‘ the king. But the knocking encreasing, the king commanded  
‘ the duke to let them into his dressing-room. No sooner was  
‘ this done, but before the king got out of his bed, those offi-  
‘ cers rushed into his chamber, and abruptly told the king,  
‘ They had orders to remove him. From whom, says the  
‘ king? they replied, From the army. The king asked, Whi-  
‘ ther he was to be removed? They answered, To the castle.  
‘ The king asked, What castle? Again they answered, To the  
‘ castle. The castle, said the king, is no castle; he told them he  
‘ was well enough prepared for any castle, and required them to  
‘ name the castle. After a short whispering together, they said,  
‘ Hurst-Castle. The king replied, They could not name a  
‘ worse; and called to the duke of Richmond to send for the  
‘ earl of Lindsey and colonel Cooke. At first they scrupled at  
‘ the earl of Lindsey’s coming; but the king said, Why not  
‘ both, since both lie together? They promised to send for  
‘ both, but sent for neither; and the duke of Richmond had  
‘ ordered the king’s breakfast to be hastened, presuming there  
‘ was little provision in the desolate castle; yet, when he was  
‘ scarce ready, the horses being come, they hurried him away,  
‘ only permitting the duke to attend him about two miles, and  
‘ then told him, he must go no further; where he sadly took  
‘ leave, being scarce permitted to kiss the king’s hand; whose  
‘ last words were, Remember me to lord Lindsey and colonel  
‘ Cooke, and command colonel Cooke from me never to for-  
‘ get the passages of this night.

‘ The duke returned directly to the earl of Lindsey’s lodgings,  
‘ (on which it appeared a guard had been set all night, to keep  
‘ him from the knowledge of what was doing, or at least to  
‘ confine him from stirring forth had he known of it) and sur-  
‘ prised both the earl of Lindsey and colonel Cooke with the  
‘ account of the king’s being carried away, with all its remark-  
‘ able circumstances; delivering the king’s gracious remembrance  
‘ to them both, and his concluding command to colonel Cooke:  
‘ Wherefore while all passages were ripe in their memories,  
‘ Colonel Cooke, with the assistance of the duke of Richmond

“ and earl of Lindsey, drew up this narrative in obedience to  
 “ the king’s command.

“ After this, the duke of Richmond, earl of Lindsey and  
 “ earl of Southampton, with his countess, immediately left the  
 “ island, and embarked in a vessel that belonged to colonel  
 “ Cooke, and landed at Tichfield (the earl of Southampton’s  
 “ house,) where, just at their landing, they were all seized on  
 “ by a party of colonel Okey’s regiment, who by the persuasion  
 “ of colonel Cooke, and his engagement for their forthcoming,  
 “ were all permitted to go to the earl of Southampton’s house  
 “ the next morning.

“ The editor, in his preface to the reader, informs us, that  
 “ among other relations this of colonel Cooke’s coming lately  
 “ to his hands, he did believe it fit to be made publick; be-  
 “ cause the account given in it is more particular than any  
 “ yet extant; and given by a convert of integrity, who bare  
 “ a great part in the affair; and also, because it shews, How  
 “ tender a regard that good king had to his word, chusing ra-  
 “ ther to fall into the hands of cruel men, than to give occa-  
 “ sion to the mere appearance of the breach of it. If all  
 “ princes (says he) were of that disposition, their faith would  
 “ more effectually secure them one against another, than their  
 “ arms.”

Our author, in his appendix to the fourth letter, endeavours  
 to vindicate the king from the charge of his having infringed  
*The Petition of Right*: but, here we think he has failed. Per-  
 haps this is one of the least justifiable parts of the king’s character,  
 to be excused only from the necessity of his affairs, and the evil  
 counsel of his ministers. Mr. Carte, in his life of James, the  
 first duke of Ormond, endeavours to prove that the letter said to  
 be written by the earl of Strafford to the king, beseeching his  
 majesty to consent to his (the earl’s) execution, was a forgery by  
 some of those who were engaged in the opposition. This opinion  
 is confirmed by the following anecdote,

‘ That it was an imposture cannot reasonably be disputed,  
 ‘ after considering the following relation: The late Mr. Sidney  
 ‘ Wortley Montague, second son to the first earl of Sandwich,  
 ‘ used to tell his friends, that he had been assured by William  
 ‘ late earl of Strafford, son of that great man, that when he  
 ‘ was admitted to visit his father, the night before his execution,  
 ‘ upon occasion of the latter’s advising him to a private life,  
 ‘ to



‘ to have nothing to do with courts ; and alledging his own melancholy case, of being given up a sacrifice to party-rage and malice, after all his merits and services to the crown, as an instance, how little dependence was to be had upon them, he could not help expressing his wonder at those complaints of being given up, when it was done at his father’s own request ; and then mentioned the affair of the letter, and the consequences thereof. His father received the account with all the surprize imaginable, and declared to him, very solemnly, That he had never wrote any such letter ; and that it was a mere forgery of his enemies, in order to misguide the king to consent to his death,

‘ This son of the great, but unfortunate earl, and Mr. Montague, were bred up, began the world, and set out upon their travels together ; and from him, soon after the catastrophe of his father’s death, Mr. Montague had this account, which he was very free in averring, on various occasions, to his friends, particularly to a set of them, with whom he used to associate at Mr. Killigrew’s lodgings in Somerset-house, among which were the late earls of Sunderland, and Oxford, Mr. Dodding-ton, and Mr. Howard, now keepers of the paper-office, from which last I received this relation, and who is still living, and ready to attest it.’

Our author having vindicated king Charles from what was laid to his charge touching his conduct before the great rebellion, proceeds to consider the Irish massacre in 1641, and by undeniable evidence proves, that the king never authorised, was privy to, or any ways concerned in that horrid scene of barbarity. Indeed this task was quite superfluous : for we believe, that no person of candour and common sense, now supposes that there was the least room for such an imputation.

What follows is a section or chapter containing some further remarks on the essay towards attaining a true idea of king Charles I. concerning the rebellion and massacre in Ireland. Our author is minutely circumstantial on this subject, and exerts himself even to a degree of supererogation.

The remaining part of the performance is denominated a second volume, though with what propriety we cannot perceive. In all likelihood, the author intended to enlarge this second part ; but was prevented by death. It begins with observations upon a treatise, intituled, ‘ An enquiry into the share which  
king

king Charles I. had in the transactions of the earl of Glamorgan, &c. for bringing over a body of Irish rebels to assist that king, in the years 1645, and 1646.' It is well known, that Edward Somerset, lord Herbert, eldest son of the marquis of Worcester, went over to Ireland, assumed the title of the earl of Glamorgan, and pretended to be vested with full powers from the king to treat with the pope's nuncio and the rebels of Ireland, independent of the duke of Ormond, who was lord lieutenant of that kingdom. He certainly shewed letters and instructions signed by the king, and engaged in a very strange treaty with the Irish catholics; but his proceedings were no sooner known, than the duke of Ormond caused him to be arrested: and the king disclaimed every thing he had done. The truth is, he was a nobleman of great vanity and weakness, strongly attached to the king, but still more strongly attached to the Roman catholic religion, the re-establishment of which he had greatly at heart. He would, no doubt, have been punished more severely by Charles for his presumption, had not his majesty lain under the greatest obligations to his family; and imputed his conduct to an error in judgment, rather than any defect of loyalty or honour. Our author has with great sagacity discovered beyond all doubt, that this lord had forged all the papers which he pretended to have received from his majesty. The proof is founded upon unquestionable dates, indispensible forms, the declarations of the king, the two secretaries, and the duke of Ormond, the improbability of the king's taking such steps, and the wild, romantic turn of the letters, so different from his majesty's style and manner, which was close, weighty, and concise. Two of these letters we shall insert as curiosities, and the reader acquainted with the style of Charles, may judge for himself.

"Glamorgan,

"I neither have time to spare, nor do you desire that I should repeat to you unnecessarily those things, which I have so often said to you. I refer you therefore to Digby, for what is to be done; and assure you of my constant friendship for you, which I think more necessary in this universal defection of every body. But however that be, I am persuaded, that you cannot doubt, but that I will perform all the instructions and promises made to you and the Nuncio.

According to the enquirer, "Your most undoubted and constant this letter bears date April, 5, 1646. "friend, Charles R."

"Gla-

“ Glamorgan,

“ I am not so strictly guarded, but that if you send to me a prudent and secret person, I can receive a letter, and you may signify to me your mind, I having always loved your person and conversation, which I ardently wish for at present more than ever, if it could be had without prejudice to you, whose safety is as dear to me as my own. If you can raise a large sum of money by pawning my kingdoms for that purpose, I am content you should do it; and if I recover them, I will freely pay that money. And tell the nuncio, that if once I can come into his and your hands, which ought to be extremely wished for by you both, as well for the sake of England as Ireland, since all the rest, as I see, despise me, I will do it. And if I do not say this from my heart, or if in any future time I fail you in this, may God never restore me to my kingdoms in this world, nor give me eternal happiness in the next; to which I hope this tribulation will conduct me at last, after I have satisfied my obligations to my friends; to none of whom I am so much obliged as to yourself, whose merits towards me exceed all expression, that can be used by your constant friend.

Charles R.”

From Newcastle, July 20, 1646.

We have not room to set down at large the train of argumentation followed in this performance; but, we may venture to say upon the whole, that it is conducted with equal subtlety and precision.

---

ART. V. *The British Herbal: an history of plants and trees, natives of Britain, cultivated for use, or raised for beauty.* By John Hill, M. D. Osborne, &c.

THE epitaph said to be written on a certain architect, may be very properly applied to this author, when death shall deprive the world of his immense genius:

*Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.*

It was not without reason that the humorous H——th, in his representation of Beer-street, exhibited a porter sweating under a load of Dr. H——ll's works: but should this ponderous writer live a few years longer, half a dozen of porters, assisted by as many asses, will scarce be sufficient to carry all his works to the trunk-



Trunk-maker. Perhaps the most surprising part of this gentleman's talents, is that of his being able to compose such a solid mass, of such light and flimsy materials.

We shall not enter into a minute discussion of the merit of the performance now before us; nor point out all the ridiculous errors into which the author has fallen, in his enumeration of the medical virtues ascribed to particular plants. It will be sufficient to present the reader with a few observations which naturally occur on the first view of the production; and from these the value of it may be pretty tolerably ascertained.

By the title any one would suppose this work to be confined to such plants and trees as are the natural produce of Britain; whereas it is extended to many trees and plants which at present are not to be found in any of the gardens of this country. It may not be improper to observe, that in 1751, was published by the same author, *A history of plants*, intitled, *A Complete system of botany, in which the vegetables of the different parts of the world, remarkable for their beauty, singularity, and use, are described at large, together with their virtues, and the several preparations from them*. If this history of plants was so complete as the title informs us, how came it necessary for the same author to publish this *British Herbal* within five years after? It is very natural to conclude that this is an imposition on the public, by vending the same commodity under the disguise of another title.

Upon looking into the preface of that history of plants, we find Dr. H—ll saying, *that he has kept up to the arrangement of the plants in the Linnæan system, the author of which deserves infinite praise: and that he has preserved his classical as well as generical names*. An assertion which appears to be very true; for he has only copied the generical characters of the plants, from *Linnaeus's Genera plantarum*, and the species from the catalogue of *Clifford's garden*. He has confined the number of plants to those therein mentioned; and frequently declares there are no more species at present known: when it is notorious, that there were in the gardens of England near double that number of plants, specifically different; and it appears by the later works of *Linnaeus*, that a very great number of plants which were supposed by him at that time to be only varieties, he now allows to be distinct species; yet in the history of plants here mentioned, the author has not ventured to encrease their number.

But let us point out a few passages in the *British Herbal*, in relation to this system of *Linnaeus*, by which it will appear how

Dr. H—ll has differed in opinion, from himself at different times, concerning the merit of the Linnæan system.

In page 31, he asks, *If plants are to be ranged in different classes from the number of threads in each flower?* and adds, *This is the system of Linnæus, novelty made it please, obscurity rendered it admired, but it cannot be lasting.*

Page 23, he says, *This new method which was intended to render botany distinct, increases the perplexity, and creates confusion.*

Page 33, he says, *Nature disclaims the system of Linnæus.*

Page 40, he says, *It was a weak imagination that prompted Linnæus to believe the number and situation of the threads in flowers were the proper characteristics of what we call classes.*

The history of plants now before us appears to be of a piece with the other performances of the same author, viz. a mere collection from books. The figures of the plants here exhibited, are for the most part copied from *Morison's History of plants*, as any one may see who will be at the trouble of comparing them. The rest are taken from *Plukenet's Phytographia*, *Barrelier's Icones*, and *Boccone's Musæum*. It may not be amiss to take notice here, that Morison's figures were engraven from other books, and the greater part was contracted from larger figures, to reduce them to a size corresponding to the room allowed on the plates for them: so that many of the most distinguishing parts of the plants were so much altered, as to render it difficult for a person of skill to know the plants which were intended to be represented, had not their titles been added to them.

Now, the figures of this British Herbal are copied from these copies.

The descriptions of the plants are also transcribed from Morison, Ray, and others, as will appear by comparing them; for where the authors of the books from whence they are taken, have mistaken the seasons when the plants flower, the colour and size of their flowers, or the nature of the plants, whether annual or perennial; we find these inaccuracies are continued in the British Herbal.

We observe this author continually exclaiming against Linnæus's system, in almost every page of the book, and at the same time declaring the method himself follows in this work to be conformable to nature in every part: but it appears to us, that

that his method is no other than that of Morison and Ray conjoined, with a few innovations of his own. How scientific this boasted method is, will appear, when we consider upon what principles it is founded. In the division of his classes, he has sometimes made the arrangement of the leaves upon the stalks of the plants, the principal characteristic notes, as in his ninth and tenth class: the leaves of those in the former being placed alternately on the stalks, and those of the latter stand by pairs opposite: now if the student is to look for these marks to find out the class to which a plant belongs, how will he be puzzled when he finds two species of the same genus, differing in this respect: as for instance, *Salicaria foliis oppositis*, Brit. Herb. p. 218. and *Salicaria foliis alternis*, ib.

In the characters of his genera he seems not to have been more accurate; for sometimes he has used one part, and sometimes another of the plant, to distinguish the genus, as in the *mallow*: he makes its difference from *Alibæa* to consist in the leaves being round and intire. The distinction he makes between the *cabbage* and the *turnip* is, that the cup of the flower of the turnip is opener than that of the cabbage, and yellow; and the leaves of the root differ from the external face of the plant. Whether these distinctions will be allowed as sufficient to constitute a genus, we leave it to the botanists to decide.

When we come to consider the specific difference of plants that is here made by the author, it appears very surprising; as he had adopted all Linnæus's titles in his history of plants before mentioned, which most of the skilful botanists allow to be the best part of his works, because they are much more expressive, and convey a clearer distinction of the several species, than any of those titles which had been used by former writers on the subject: so there can be no way of accounting for this alteration, than by supposing the author only intended it as an abuse on the public, by rendering this work as unlike the former as possible, whether right or wrong.

By the titles which this author has given to those plants, where he has not adopted those of former writers, it is impossible for any person to form an idea of the plant to which he has given the name, as the following titles plainly evince, viz.

*Scrophularia foliis minoribus.*

*Lychnis flore rubello.*

*Euphorbium vulgatius.*

Gera-



*Geranium Africanum flore purpureo.*

*Nasturtium angustifolium.*

*Solanum spinosum flore cæruleo.*

These titles may be applied to several species of the same genus, with as much propriety as to those intended by this author; for there are more species than one in each of these genera that these titles will equally suit: and where he has added the names which have been given to the plants by former writers as synonima, he has copied them from Linnæus and others; for wherever they have been mistaken in applying those titles to plants which were not the same, this author has adopted them, as might be shewn in many parts of this book.

He sets out in this work with a pompous parade of the science of botany. Through the whole he has eternal repetitions of the same criticisms on Linnæus's method, continually exploding his system as one not fit to be received or regarded; and to support his bold assertion, he produces instances of the uncertainty of the characters of the plants upon which Linnæus's system is founded. These remarks, to persons who are not skilled in the science, or who are unacquainted with the writings of botanists, may pass for his own: but upon looking into Linnæus's *Genera plantarum*, we may find most of those pretended criticisms of this author, added as notes by Linnæus himself under the characters of each genus.

In several parts of this British Herbal we find Linnæus censured for having joined species together, which are totally different from each other; and yet we find this author equally blameable on this account: for he makes the *cabbage* and *cauliflower* to be the same; and many other different plants which might be instanced, though there are no persons living who ever saw one produced from the seeds of the other.

Upon the whole, we must say, that this boasted performance comes far short of some Herbals which were extant long before this appeared, with regard to the number of plants, as well as to the execution of the work.

ART. VI. *Observations, Anatomical and Physiological, wherein Dr. Hunter's claim to some discoveries is examined. With figures. By Alexander Monro, junior, M. D. and professor of medicine and of anatomy in the university of Edinburgh.*

THE principal design of this pamphlet is to vindicate the author's claim to certain anatomical discoveries which have been contested by Dr. Hunter. The state of the controversy may be seen in the Critical Review for the months of September, November and December, in the year 1757. The dispute may be reduced to a small compass. In the month of November, 1752, Dr. Hunter injected the *vas deferens* in the human body with mercury, filled the whole epididimis and the tubes that come out from the body of the testis, to form this plexus. He observed in this operation that the mercury continued to run, and the body of the testis to become gradually more turgid and heavy for some time after the external parts were completely filled. He shewed this preparation next night at his public lecture, but declined opening it, until he could procure another. In about a fortnight after this period, his brother Mr. John Hunter, at his desire, made another preparation of the same kind. The testis was opened, and the tubular internal surface appeared very generally filled with mercury. This was exhibited that same evening at his public lecture. Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, assumed to himself the merit of this discovery in a paper inserted in the Edinburgh essays, ann. 1754, and afterwards in his Inaugural Thesis, ann. 1755. Dr. Hunter insists upon his being the prior discoverer. Dr. Monro affirms he made the preparation in January, 1753, without having heard of Dr. Hunter's attempt or success; though it appears that his brother Dr. Donald Monro had received a letter before this period from Dr. Garrow, giving an account of Dr. Hunter's first preparation: But Dr. Donald Monro denies that this letter was communicated to his brother, and says he paid no regard to it, because, as the testis was not opened, he concluded that the mercury had gone no farther than the epididimis.

The other dispute which has unhappily arisen between those gentlemen, relates to the lymphatics. Dr. Hunter, since the year 1746, had continually at his public lectures, taught that the lymphatics were absorbent vessels, and not continued from the arterial system. This opinion he supported by arguments and experiments mentioned in our Review for September, in the year 1757. Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, in his Thesis published

lished anno 1755, advanced the same doctrine in a general way : Soon after he came to London, and attended Dr. Hunter's course, in which he heard that gentleman's opinion on this subject fully explained ; then he went abroad, and in the year 1757, published at Berlin a latin treatise *de venis lymphaticis valvulosis*, &c. in which he claims the discovery of their being absorbing vessels, &c. without mentioning Dr. Hunter's name. The Critical Reviewers took notice of this circumstance, and Dr. Hunter thought it high time to do himself justice, by giving the world to understand that he was the first who discovered and taught this doctrine.—In the pamphlet now before us, Dr. Monro does not pretend that he made the discovery before the year 1752, but he doubts whether Dr. Hunter knew much of the matter before he had read his (Dr. Monro's) Inaugural Dissertation : nay, he directly undertakes to prove, that before this period Dr. Hunter never made the most material remarks, and the only ones which lay the ground-work for a just and allowable conclusion ; but that he gleaned them from the Inaugural Dissertation of Dr. Monro.

This is a heavy charge, the merits of which we shall not pretend to discuss, for a reason that will immediately appear. We cannot help, however, observing, that in the beginning of this performance, the author seems to have attacked the character of Dr. Hunter without sufficient reason. This gentleman in a postscript to his letter to the authors of the Critical Review, says, “ Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, who was abroad, has “ been lately in town, and we are therefore bound to believe, “ he has approved of the steps which his brother has taken in “ his defence.” Dr. Monro says, ‘ The plain narration of a ‘ few facts, will evidently prove how intirely groundless this in- ‘ sinuation is ; and, I am ashamed to say, will make it highly ‘ probable, that the doctor's conscience must have rejected what ‘ his pen here affirmed.

‘ I arrived not at London from Holland till December 10. ‘ late in the evening. But my brother's letter is dated Decem- ‘ ber 7. and was delivered that very day to the authors of the ‘ Critical Review ; for he has their answer, acknowledging the ‘ receipt of it, dated the morning of the 8th ; that is, several ‘ days before I came to town, and whilst I was yet in Holland.

‘ Now, these are circumstances Dr. Hunter cannot well be ‘ supposed ignorant of, since my brother desired “ a copy of “ his letter to be sent immediately to Dr. Hunter, to be exa- “ mined and answered by him.” So that, without supposing  
VOL. V. October, 1758. Z any



\* any particular correspondence between the Reviewers and Dr.  
 \* Hunter, it is to be presumed, that letter was no sooner re-  
 \* ceived by them, than sent to him.—The doctor likewise  
 \* knew the exact time of my being in town: For I called, in  
 \* company with my brother, at his house, December 13. and,  
 \* not finding him at home, left my name with his servant;  
 \* and, at the same time, I desired him, as well as my brother,  
 \* to tell the doctor, that I would have called more than once,  
 \* but that I was only passing through London in my way to  
 \* Scotland, and was to set out next morning. Besides, Dr.  
 \* Hunter does not date his reply to my brother's letter till the  
 \* 22d of December: And, before throwing out in print such  
 \* an insinuation, he had time enough to inform himself of the  
 \* truth, which he could have done without difficulty, as I had  
 \* the honour of talking to several gentlemen with whom the  
 \* doctor is intimately acquainted; particularly to Dr. Clephan,  
 \* physician, Mr. Watson, surgeon, and Mr. Halley, a gentle-  
 \* man then attending Dr. Hunter's lectures; who, as is com-  
 \* mon on such occasions, asked me, when I came to town, and  
 \* what stay I proposed to make? And, what to some may ap-  
 \* pear not the least to be admired, Dr. Hunter here calls my  
 \* brother's veracity in question, without assigning any reason  
 \* for so doing; for my brother, just before he dates his letter,  
 \* says, "He hopes Dr. Hunter will excuse this, nor think I  
 \* have done him any injury, by doing justice to a brother,  
 \* who is *not present* to answer for himself." D. M. December 7.  
 \* 1757.'

With all due deference to Dr. Alexander Monro, this is  
 meer cavilling. Dr. Hunter does not say he had any share in  
 his brother's letter, consequently he does not suspect the vera-  
 city of Dr. Donald Monro; ergo, the charge is without founda-  
 tion. All that Dr. Hunter alledges is, that when Dr. Alexan-  
 der Monro arrived in London, his brother probably told him  
 what he had written in his defence to the authors of the Criti-  
 cal Review; and that he (Dr. Alexander) approved of what had  
 been written: if this had not been the case, he would in all  
 likelihood, have taken some step to signify his disapprobation,  
 before the letter was published in the Review, as he arrived on  
 the tenth day of December, and the Number was not published  
 till the first of January. Now, where is the absurdity of sup-  
 posing, or the iniquity of declaring we are bound to believe  
 Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, approved of the steps which his  
 brother had taken in his defence? Dr. Alexander Monro came  
 to London, saw his brother, lived and conversed with him in a  
 brotherly manner, and it were absurd to suppose that in the  
 course

course of this fraternal communication, Dr. Donald had neglected to mention and explain a circumstance in which his brother's character was so deeply interested. But whether he did or did not communicate this affair, is a matter of no consequence, and cannot in the least affect the dispute. It seems to be introduced with no other view than that of affording a handle to throw out abundance of asperity and abuse, which we are sorry to see produced from the pen of such an ingenious young gentleman. Not contented with justifying his own pretensions, he makes a furious assault on the moral character of Dr. Hunter, which we apprehend, is altogether unblemished. He insinuates in different parts of the work, that he is mean, false, deceitful, rash, slanderous and injurious. Nay, he turns the tables upon him; recriminates, and retorts the suspicion of plagiarism, and taxes him with weakness, absurdity and ignorance of anatomical knowledge: a charge which we never thought we should see brought against a man so justly celebrated for his great skill, experience and accuracy in this particular science. We cannot help thinking Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, is too sanguine and impetuous on this occasion. His performance bears the strongest marks of anger and spleen; he is angry with Dr. Hunter, and perhaps, not altogether pleased with himself: he attacks Dr. Akenfide *en passant*; and should the dispute be protracted, we may possibly fall under the lash of his displeasure, which, however, we should be sorry to incur.

The pamphlet is concluded with an account of the lachrymal gland and its ducts, which he has demonstrated in the human subject. The doctor is still unfortunate in his discoveries; even this will be contested, upon such evidence as he will find it very hard to invalidate. This performance is illustrated with two copper plates, one representing the testicle injected with mercury by the *vas deferens*; the other exhibiting three figures, to explain the ducts of the *glandula lachrymalis*.

" *To the Authors of the Critical Review.*

" *London, 16th October, 1758.*

" *Gentlemen,*

" **I**F it be not inconsistent with your plan, please add the following declaration to your account of Dr. Monro's pamphlet.

" I have carefully read over a treatise called Observations Anatomical and Physiological, by Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, in which I find nothing that induces me to alter my opinion, however ready I might have been to receive

Z 2

" and

“ and own conviction. Therefore, with proper opportunity, I  
 “ will publish an answer to this piece, supported by *unquestion-*  
 “ *able testimonies*; and then leave Dr. Monro to the quiet enjoy-  
 “ ment of the reputation which the world may think he has a  
 “ right to as a discoverer and author.

“ WILLIAM HUNTER”.

*Notes on the postscript to a pamphlet intitled, Observations Anatomical and Physiological, &c. by Alexander Monro, junior, M. D. professor of anatomy, &c. Edinburgh, August, 1758. 8vo. Price 6 d. Doddsley.*

**I**N this performance Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, is treated with a very high hand, for having presumed to doubt Dr. Akenfide's title to the discovery that the lymphatics were absorbents, and for having dared to differ from him in some points of theory concerning these lymphatics. But, we cannot see what right he has to claim in 1755, a discovery which was made many years before by Dr. Hunter, and publicly taught in his course of anatomical lectures: how then can Dr. A. affirm that before 1755, no mention had been made of it to the public? can any thing be more public than teaching in a public school? — Yes; he may say, a proclamation, a decree of the diet of the Empire, or an advertisement in the public papers. If in a dispute of this nature, he should make such distinctions, we shall say nothing further on this subject. The truth is, this discovery may have been made by a great many different people, without any intercourse one with another. Some, we know, had long entertained that notion, before the sentiments of Drs. Hunter, Monro, and Akenfide were known, on the subject, though perhaps, it was not so well sustained by analogous reasoning and experiment.

Dr. A. endeavours likewise, in this pamphlet, to vindicate himself from the charge brought against him by Dr. Monro, of inconsistency, in allowing the experiment of the lymphatics being filled by injecting the arteries, as if the lymphatics were continued from the arteries; and afterwards broaching the theory of their being absorbents. Dr. A. in order to acquit himself of this imputation, supposes, that besides those lymphatics that terminate in the route of the chyle, there are others which absorb the moisture breathed out by the exhaling arteries, and return it to the veins; and that by injecting an artery with air or quicksilver, the injection runs into the vein, and from thence into the lateral lymphatics which communicate with the vein;  
 but,



but, this cannot be the case, unless those lymphatics are either destitute of valves, or those valves are so tender as to be burst by the force of the injection. Whether Dr. Monro will acquiesce in this hypothesis, we know not: but, we cannot help observing, that Dr. A. treats him with a species of supercilious contempt, which we apprehend, is misapplied. The reputation of Dr. Alexander Monro, junior, with respect to anatomical knowledge, is, both at home and abroad, at least as high as Dr. A. his station in life the same, his expectations as great, and his medical character every whit as respectable. It is pity that either should be defective in temper or urbanity.

ART. VII. *The History of the Marchioness de Pompadour, in two parts.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Hooper.

WHOEVER is desirous of attaining a just idea of the court of Versailles, has nothing to do but peruse this amusing and truly original performance. Here he will be made acquainted with the secret characters of Louis the well-beloved, his reigning mistress and ministers, which so far as we have been able to learn from information and observation, are truly and naturally delineated. The style is spirited, though in some places uncouth and affected; the incidents are entertaining; and the whole is interspersed with sentiments and reflections satirical and moral, equally new and striking.

It has been an old reproach and ridicule upon the French nation, that their government was generally managed by the intrigues of women; and that though the people were always slaves to their kings, their kings, for the most part, were greater slaves to their mistresses. Nothing, surely, can be a more despicable or detestable object than a sovereign modelling his administration, distributing the marks of his favour, and regulating his public conduct by the nod and direction of an ignorant, insolent, capricious and rapacious concubine, sprung from the dregs of mankind, and rendered infamous by the open practice of adultery and prostitution.

By the little, animated work now before us, we are given to understand, that the celebrated Madam de Pompadour, favourite sultana of the French monarch, is daughter to the wife of one Poisson, butcher to the invalids, who having fled the kingdom for a rape, was hanged in effigy, and afterwards obtained a pardon at the intercession of Madam de Pompadour. This

lady was brought forth by the wife, in the absence of her husband, and supposed to have been begotten by Monsieur le Normant de Tournan, a considerable officer in the revenue. Certain it is, he considered her as his child, indulged her with a liberal education, and effected a marriage between her and his own nephew Monsieur le Normant de Estiolles, a man of an affluent fortune. As she possessed a large share of beauty, a great number of gallants resorted to her house, and among these, the Abbé de Bernis, now actually minister of state, and in daily expectation of a cardinal's hat. This man is of an obscure family in Languedoc, who at first distinguished himself by a little talent for poetry. He wrote in praise of Madam de Estiolles, and she has made his fortune. This lady, conscious of her own attractions, resolved, if possible, to captivate the king; and for that purpose, made a practice of throwing herself in his way, at different times, when he enjoyed the diversion of hunting. Her efforts, however, at that time, were ineffectual. The king's heart was engaged with Madam la Mailly, daughter to the Marquis de Nesle. His majesty seemed to have a family-attachment to this nobleman; for, he kept four of his daughters successively, as mistresses. At length, Madam de Estiolles was recommended and introduced to the king, by one Binet his valet de chambre. The husband taking his wife's conduct unkindly, was banished to Avignon, from whence, however, he was soon permitted to return, and gratified with very lucrative employments which he now enjoys. Her brother Poisson was created Marquis de Vandiere, and favoured with a post of great emolument: She herself soon acquired a most perfect dominion over the king, and became the canal of all his favours. She amassed wealth with the most rapacious avarice; the king lavished his bounty upon her, and she sold all places with shameless effrontery. She bought estates, built palaces, enriched her kindred, and disgraced ministers, with the most despotic influence; she assumed the most insolent airs of the highest quality, entertained a gentleman of a very antient family as her usher, procured the order of St. Louis for the clerk of her kitchen, arrogated the honours of the Louvre, the tabouret or stool to sit on in presence of the queen, and even obtained for herself the rank of *Dame de Palais*, or Lady of the Palace to the Queen, a place never bestowed but upon persons of the highest distinction. But the most surprizing part of her character, is her being able to retain Louis in her chains, after all the charms of her person are faded, and distemper has rendered her altogether inaccessible to his desires. Her infirmity being well known, a number of candidates appeared among the fair sex, for his good graces, and among others, a young nobleman found means to  
interest

interest his curiosity with respect to Mademoiselle Murphy, a very young girl of Irish extract, who though in the lowest paths of fortune, possessed a very extraordinary share of beauty. This piece was privately presented to his majesty, who for some time possessed her with the utmost secrecy and circumspection. But, notwithstanding all his care, Madam de Pompadour was minutely informed of all the steps he had taken, and not at all sorry that he should amuse himself with a little, innocent girl, who, in all probability, could never supersede the influence which she had obtained over his spirit. She did not, however, give him to understand that she suspected a tittle of this new amour, even while she contributed to his gratification. Understanding that he was puzzled to find out a proper retreat where he should deposite this late acquisition, she took the first opportunity of letting him know, that she was heartily tired of a small house, for which she had once a great fondness. This was a solitary retreat that had been built for her, and was, together with the gardens, taken out of that part of the park of Versailles, nearest to the road to St. Germain, which was another of the encroachments in her favour, that had given no small offence to the public. She intreated his majesty to relieve her from the care of it, and dispose of it as he pleased; she did not at the same time drop a single hint of her knowing that he wanted such a conveniency, nor for what he wanted it.

He accepted however this her so well-timed resignation of a place extremely convenient for his actual purpose. It was commonly called La Pompadour's Hermitage. Imagination can hardly figure to itself a more delicious retreat. The most rural style was preserved through every part of it. The house itself was a small, unshowish building, much in the manner of a farm-house, and had a dairy on the back of it. Every thing for use or ornament of the inside expressed a sweet neatness and a noble simplicity. No expence had been spared to embellish it, that could take place without prejudice to propriety. Every thing breathed a country-air. The paintings, all of the most masterly hands, presented nothing but gay landscapes, pastoral scenery and country revels on the green. Little images of swains and nymphs were properly disposed, with here and there, for the contrast-sake, that of some hoary hermit. The apartments were furnished and hung with nothing but with the finest and most lively colored chintz that gave them a cool airy look.

The gardens, without being laid out in frigidly symmetrized compartments, had nevertheless an imperceptibly regular va-



riety. There was in one part of it a large bosquet of roses, with a statue of the god of love, finely executed, in the center of it. Here mirtles, there jessamins offered their embowering shade. The flower-plots, though seemingly without order, had each its particular kind, unconfused with others; jonquils, pinks, violets, tuberoses, all at a certain nearness, yielding, for their being thus unmixed, their respective odors, the more pure and the more distinctly marked; which yet at a little distance, blendingly united into one general fragrance.

On each side of the garden door into the park, open arcades circularly disposed, formed two kinds of amphitheatres of flowers, covering their surface with a most beautiful variation. Plats of verdure, a fine piece of water, enlivened by swans in front of the house, walks of ever-greens, all found a place, uncrowded, in this not very extensive spot. No beauty, in short, was omitted, that art could steal unobserved into nature. Nothing, in truth, was unnatural in this retreat, except the owner of it, La Pompadour herself, who, with a ridiculous and surfeiting affectation, used to come, in recess, here, in the style of a shepherdess of Arcadia, and give herself the air of amusing herself with country housewifery, and playing the dairy-maid, by way, forsooth, of unbending from the fatigues of a court, and of forgetting for a while, her present greatness, as she long had done her primitive littleness.

Here he continued to enjoy his new mistress with uncommon satisfaction; and all the while Pompadour's credit at court seemed to increase, rather than diminish. In one of his hours of dalliance with the young Murphy, she asked him archly, "how matters stood between him and his old woman?" The king enraged at these words, which he knew could not be the child's own, frowned, bit his lips, and looking sternly at her, commanded her to tell him who it was that had set her on to talk to him in that strain? The poor girl, frightened out of her wits at the air she saw him put on, threw herself at his feet, and without hesitation gave up the person who had tutored her to that effect.

It was the Marshalle's d'Etrées. This lady had long lived on the terms of the most unreserved familiarity and confidence with La Pompadour. But female friendships, especially at a court, were never of a very durable nature. Certain points of pique and passion had for some time dis-united them. The marshalle's, who had cultivated an acquaintance with the young

‘ young Murphy, originally perhaps only out of compliment  
‘ to the king, began to think to turn it to the account of  
‘ her animosity against La Pompadour. In this view, to place  
‘ her in a ridiculous point of light to the king, and the  
‘ stronger for that natural air of truth in the mouth of a child,  
‘ she suggested to the girl those words, which she repeated in  
‘ the innocence of her heart, and all unaware of the conse-  
‘ quences of this pernicious counsel. One and the first of them  
‘ was, that the king, incensed beyond measure, immediately  
‘ banished Madam d’Etrées to her estate in the country.

‘ As to the young Murphy, he had probably too much ju-  
‘ stice, not to make due allowance for the simplicity of her  
‘ age, and inexperience, having been instrumentally to ano-  
‘ ther’s designs, betrayed into giving him the offence he had  
‘ taken. But as her merely personal beauty, and the enjoyment  
‘ of it now palled by repetition, were as nothing in the balance  
‘ against the habitual passion and taste he had retained for La  
‘ Pompadour; if this incident was not the occasion, it was at  
‘ least the epoch of his resolution to part with her; a resolu-  
‘ tion that was hastened by the circumstance of her being with  
‘ child by him. This will indeed sound strange to such as may  
‘ not know his dislike of having natural children, that should  
‘ take name and rank from that claim of birth. This aversion  
‘ was founded on what he knew of the troubles which, in his  
‘ minority, had been excited on occasion of the pretensions of  
‘ the natural sons of Lewis the fourteenth. In the view of pre-  
‘ venting the like, and of dis-embarrassing himself of a mistress  
‘ grown indifferent to him, he procured a husband for her, who,  
‘ though a man of quality, was uneasy enough in his fortune,  
‘ to overlook the slur of such an alliance, in consideration of  
‘ the great advantages it brought with it; an ample settle-  
‘ ment on the wife and child with which she was pregnant, and  
‘ to which he was to pass for the father, and the future interest  
‘ he might reasonably presume from that circumstance. One  
‘ of the conditions of the match was, it seems, that he should  
‘ keep her in the country, and not suffer her to come near the  
‘ court. This, if they were capable of making just estimates  
‘ of things, was but a favour the more.’

The book is concluded with the following portrait of the  
celebrated Marchioness de Pompadour. ‘ She might be about  
‘ three and twenty, when she at length accomplished what she  
‘ had so long been laying out for, and what her mother and  
‘ herself had often openly declared to be her aim, the getting  
‘ to be the king’s mistress. Her complexion was naturally very  
‘ fair,

' fair, eyes full of fire and meaning, of which the great life  
 ' they gave to her face, was not unpleasingly tempered with a  
 ' certain air of langour and tenderness it received from a con-  
 ' stitution rather inclined to sickness, of which the palish hue  
 ' of her lips was another sign, and such an one as could not  
 ' give the imagination very favourable prepossessions. Neither  
 ' did she towards heightening her colour, or rather towards  
 ' supplying the deficiency of it, disdain the assistance of a  
 ' slight tinge of artificial red, though no more than amounted  
 ' to just a suspicion. Her features were all perfectly delicate;  
 ' her hair of the chestnut colour, her stature of a middling size,  
 ' and her shape irreproachable. Nothing, in fact, could more  
 ' beautifully taper into slenderness of waist. Conscious of this,  
 ' and never negligent of any art that could improve any advan-  
 ' tage she had, she invented, for an undress, a gown that came  
 ' into fashion under the name of *Robe-à-la Pompadour*, made  
 ' somewhat in the style of a Turkish vest, buttoning at the  
 ' collar and wrists, which well-adapted to the rise of the bo-  
 ' som, and gathering close round the waist, marks the shape,  
 ' with the more grace and effect, for its appearance, at the first  
 ' glance, of being rather meant to conceal it.

' There was great sprightliness and vivacity diffused through-  
 ' out her person, and animated her every look and gesture, per-  
 ' haps in too great a degree, since it might contribute to her  
 ' being remarkable for a bold forward air, and a way of pre-  
 ' senting herself that ever seemed as much as to say, pertly,  
 ' "Here am I." Upon the whole, however, she was generally  
 ' allowed to be one of the handsomest and the most agreeable  
 ' women, at that time, in Paris.

' At present, (one thousand seven hundred fifty-eight) that  
 ' she may be about thirty-eight years of age, it is hard to say  
 ' what her face may be under a layer inch-deep of red and  
 ' white. It may be presumed she has her reasons for falling  
 ' in with that fashion of the ladies of the French court, which  
 ' equally concealing a bad or a good complexion, for they al-  
 ' most all use it, breeds such a ridiculous sameness, that there  
 ' is hardly any distinguishing one face from another no more  
 ' than in a flock of sheep; at the same time that the red or  
 ' vermillion is so glaringly predominant, that they might be  
 ' taken for so many figure-dancers masked for executing a dance  
 ' of furies. One would, in short, imagine, that not satisfied  
 ' with being chaste in themselves, they sought to be the cause  
 ' of chastity in others, from that otherwise unaccountable rage  
 ' they have of daubing themselves in so coarse and unnatural a  
 ' way,



‘ way, as to destroy all effect of their features, and every desire  
 ‘ in the men, but that of having nothing to say to them. La  
 ‘ Pompadour’s face, being by this means out of the question,  
 ‘ there remains but to observe, that besides the change easily to  
 ‘ be imagined that years may have made in her person, her  
 ‘ disorder has reduced her to so frightful a state of leanness,  
 ‘ that it is but just all bodily appetite towards her should cease,  
 ‘ since it must starve on the little substance it would find in her,  
 ‘ being almost as dis-incumbered from flesh, as impalpable, as  
 ‘ elusive of the embrace as one of the infernal shades, on the  
 ‘ banks of the Stygian Lake. Combine with the idea of this  
 ‘ painted sepulchral figure, another that is not amiss symbo-  
 ‘ lized by it, that of the mask of artifice over all her hollow-  
 ‘ ness of heart, and you have pretty justly before you, in body  
 ‘ and in spirit, amidst all the surrounding glare of greatness,  
 ‘ wealth and a king’s favour, that object of pity and contempt,  
 ‘ the present La Pompadour.’

By these specimens, we doubt not, but the reader will be in-  
 flamed with the curiosity to peruse the whole performance,  
 which abounds with entertainment.

---

ART. VIII. *The History of Health, and the art of preserving it: or  
 an account of all that has been recommended by physicians and philo-  
 sophers, towards the preservation of health, from the most remote  
 antiquity to this time. To which is subjoined, A succinct review of  
 the principal rules relating to this subject, together with the reasons  
 on which these rules are founded. By James Mackenzie, M. D.  
 physician lately at Worcester, and fellow of the Royal College of phy-  
 sicians in Edinburgh. Pr. 5s. Rivington.*

**I**N every research into nature, whether we investigate the  
 powers of mind or the properties of body, simplicity is both  
 the road to truth and its characteristic. Mathematicians, natu-  
 ralists, moralists, Socrates, Verulam, Newton, and those who  
 treat things scientifically and properly, are no less distinguished  
 by their simplicity, than the importance of their lessons. It is  
 their constant maxim, not to deliver any proposition as certain,  
 that is not weighed in the nicest ballance, and founded upon  
 long experience, accurate experiment, or clear deduction from  
 principles the most obvious. What are all the beautiful dis-  
 courses of Plato upon mysterious harmonies, numbers, triangles,  
 ideas, elements, genii, and the like, but elegant dreams and sub-  
 lime visions? and thus must it be with every production which  
 has

has not its foundation in truth and experience. Nor is simplicity less requisite in the medical than in other arts and sciences, if cultivated with strict purity. Those things which have a tendency to preserve life, remove diseases, and restore health, are infinitely less in number than the craft of some, and vain pedantry of other professors of the art, have made them. Their interest, pride, or ostentation has greatly exaggerated the difficulty, labour, and extent of their profession; thrown even the diligent into despondency, and the unwary into error. But those who discriminate truth from falsehood, experience from conjecture, will easily perceive the fundamental principles of physick to be obvious, simple, and few. The best modern physicians have ever allowed, that most of the indispensable rules contained in all succeeding writers, are to be found in the works of Hippocrates, Celsus, and the medical schools of Greece and Rome. And indeed, if we strike off the jargon about elements, sympathies, antipathies, innate heat, and the like, what remains that is remote from our senses, or superior to our comprehension? nothing truly but what is drawn from experiment and nature, and is the object of a common understanding. The most rational and successful practitioners among all nations have been those who have diligently studied the ancients, the best instructors of nature. Sydenham, Freind, Boerhaave, and Mead, were equally remarkable for the veneration in which they held those fathers of physick, and for their accurate discernment, clear comprehension, and sound judgment. But of all the writers we have seen, a greater enthusiast to antiquity than Dr. Mackenzie has not fallen into our hands. With him the proverb is reversed, and stands, *amica fides, amica veritas, sed magis amicus Hippocrates.*

He seems indeed to have studied the Greek and Latin physicians with an unparalleled industry and close attention; no author we are acquainted with having comprised half the erudition in so small a compass, and upon a subject, one would imagine, that did not require it. But the Dr. in order to add a greater weight and authority to the rules concerning health he lays down, 'resolved to trace them from their sources, by giving the history of the whole art of preserving health from the most remote antiquity down to the present time.' This he certainly has effected with infinite fatigue to himself, and we doubt not, with emolument to the reader. He says, 'that age having rendered him unable to pursue the painful practice of a country physician, he revolved in his mind which way he might be useful in his present situation. I could not, says he, ride long journies to remove distempers; I determined therefore to endeavour in some measure to prevent them, by acquainting  
' those

' those that will restrain their appetites and hearken to reason, with the most effectual rules to preserve health.—Should I succeed in this endeavour, it was no unpleasing reflection to do good beyond the grave. And should I not succeed, yet still my subject afforded me an agreeable amusement.'

In this light it is we would chuse to behold the doctor's performance; for what can be more amiable than to see a man struggling against the infirmities of age for the relief of his fellow-creatures; every line of his work declaring the tender, the compassionate, and the feeling heart! This humanity and benevolence we admire more than all the learning of Gruter, and sense of Puffendorf. Even when our author is unnecessarily circumstantial and prolix, we hear him with that kind of pleasure we have in the relation of an old warrior descanting upon the virtues of his general, and describing the battles and sieges in which himself bore a share, though we were perfectly well acquainted with them before.

These last gifts of physicians, who after a long course of practice have retired from the world, are deservedly reputed the best legacies they could leave to the publick. Here we view them divested of ambition and self-interest, warped by no prejudices or sinister purposes; but dedicating their studies, the result of their experience, and the remains of life, to the good of mankind.

The doctor has painfully collected from the detached passages of ancient and modern writers all that could be of use in compiling a full, just, and accurate history of health, and the means of preserving it. We could wish he had thought proper to begin his history with Hippocrates, and passed over the earlier period, as furnishing facts of very little importance to his design. It might likewise be of use, if he had only selected such remarks as seemed to establish some one rational method of preserving health; or at least, that he had distinguished the contradictory rules laid down by different writers, in such a manner as might direct our choice, and remove perplexity amidst the variety. As a specimen of our author's judgment as a compiler, we have selected the following short sections, chiefly extracted from Hippocrates and other ancients.

*' Of Sleep and Wakefulness.*

' Each of these carried beyond its proper bounds, is injurious to health. Excessive watching prevents the aliment from being digested, and generates crude humors. But the contrary extreme



‘treme of too much sleep relaxes the body, oppresses the head,  
‘and makes a man look as if he was parboiled.

‘Nature directs us to accustom ourselves to wake in the day  
‘and sleep in the night; and he who acts contrary to this order  
‘will suffer for such folly.

‘The body, when one is asleep, should always be well covered  
‘with cloaths; but the bedchamber should be large and airy.

‘When a man’s dreams at night correspond with the actions  
‘of the day, and represent only such things as are natural and  
‘proper to be done, they denote a good state of health,  
‘and shew that there is neither plenitude which requires evacuation,  
‘nor emptiness which requires a supply, nor any other  
‘beginning distemper. But those dreams which are contrary  
‘to the actions of the day, denote a bodily disorder, which is  
‘great or small as those dreams depart more or less from a  
‘man’s natural actions or habits. I advise therefore, that in  
‘such cases, the disorder may be removed, and the distempers  
‘prevented. If, for instance, we dream of evacuations, it shews  
‘that the body is too full, and wants proper discharges by vomiting,  
‘abstinence, or exercise. On the other hand, a man  
‘who dreams that he eats common food with an appetite, is  
‘too empty, and requires nourishment. Frightful dreams also  
‘discover a *stoppage of the blood*, and ought to be removed by  
‘proper means. And he who minds these rules will always  
‘enjoy good health.’

#### ‘Of Motion and Rest.

‘The complaints which arise from immoderate labour are cured  
‘by rest; and those which proceed from sloth are removed by  
‘exercise.

‘If the whole body should rest a great deal longer than  
‘usual, it will not become stronger for that rest: and the same  
‘observation holds good with respect to every member of the  
‘body. And if, on the other hand, after a long habit of illness,  
‘a man enters directly upon hard labour, he will be sure to do  
‘himself hurt. The feet, by a long state, of rest are disqualified  
‘for much walking, and the other limbs, by long inaction, lose  
‘in a great measure their use. And a soft bed is as irksome to  
‘a person unaccustomed to such ease, as a hard bed is to him  
‘who lies on down.

‘He,

' He, who from constant fatigue falls into an inactive state, must live abstemiously, otherwise his body will be soon tortured with pain, and oppressed with a load of humours.

' Those who seldom use any motion, are wearied by the smallest exercise; but such as are accustomed to labour, can bear a great deal without fatigue.

' Friction, or chafing, makes the body warm, firm, and fleshy.

' Reading aloud, and singing, warm and dry the body: and of all exercises walking seems the most natural to men in good health.

' Universally speaking, moderate exercise gives strength to the body, and vigor to the senses.

' Exercise is wholesomest and best before meals.

*' Of the Passions and Affections of the Mind.*

' Violent anger contracts the heart and lungs, and fills the head with hot humors; but tranquillity of mind unbends the heart.

' Fear and grief, if they continue long, portend melancholy..

' Terror, shame, joy, and anger, have a great influence on the body, and determine it to actions correspondent to their respective natures; thus the sudden sight of a serpent will make the countenance pale; and to walk upon the edge of a pit will make the legs tremble.'

In this manner does he proceed through the first part of the history of health; where \* we do not observe, that the doctor has

\* The Dr. does not always strictly confine himself to his subject, but makes frequent excursions into the fields of classical knowledge and regions of philology. Thus he informs us, that the Greeks played with four sorts of balls, the *little ball*; the *great ball*; the σφαῖρα κένη, or *empty ball*; i. e. blown up with air like our foot-ball; and the κώδυνον, which was a *huge leathern ball*, hung from the ceiling, and stuffed with bran or sand, as those who tossed it were robust or delicate.

' The Romans had also four sorts, first the *folles*, which was a pretty large sort of hand ball, made of skin blown up with air, in which, according to Suetonius, Augustus Cæsar took great delight; and was, as we learn from Martial, a proper exercise for young and old.

' Folle decet pueros ludere, folle senes. Lib. xiv. epigr. 43.

2. ' The

has omitted any author of consequence to his subject, besides two, which we are of opinion deserved his particular notice. The one is Tehiruhaus's *Medicina corporis*, which we mention not so much for the merit of the work, as the great reputation of the author. The other, Dr. Armstrong's *Art of preserving health*; a performance abounding with judicious reflections, and wholesome rules, enforced with all the enchanting power of harmony and numbers: perhaps we might add the *Hermippus redi-vivus*, which, though a work of taste and humour, contains a great deal of erudition, and some remarks pertinent enough to part of the doctor's subject; at least we think it of equal weight in the healing art with any thing extracted from sacred writ.

The doctor having finished his review of authors, ancient and modern, proceeds to a succinct recapitulation and summary of the most important rules for the preservation of health: together with a sketch drawn from the mechanism of the human body, of the reasons upon which these rules are founded. First he exhibits a short view of concoction and the circulation of the

---

2. 'The *trigonalis*, of which Celsus says that it exercises the upper parts of the body, and which the learned Mercurialis conjectures to be nearly the same with *tennis*: "eo prope modo quo nostrates supra funiculum ludunt."

3. 'The *paganica*, or common village-ball, made of leather stuffed with feathers, larger than the *trigonalis*, and harder than the *follis*.

4. 'The *harpastum*, which was a small ball, tossed, rebounded, and caught from the ground, not unlike, it should seem, to the play called *frives* in England. Mer. de re gymn. lib. ii. c. 5.

'All I shall remark upon the whole, is, that the high encomium justly bestowed by Galen upon the play at *little ball*, as the best of all exercises to preserve health, is equally applicable to *tennis*, and to the play called *golf* in Scotland, and that it is a pity such manly and healthful exercises should be so much disused.

'*Golf* is a safe and moderate exercise, performed on a bare smooth common, by driving two small hard balls with proper *bats*, always forward to very distant holes in the ground, about a foot deep, and nine inches over; and the party whose ball is driven into the hole with the fewest blows, (which are carefully numbered on both sides) obtains the victory.'

Many other equally curious disquisitions he has, with a fund of little stories and anecdotes from antient authors, which must prove extremely entertaining to the valetudinarian.



blood, thence deducing the rationale of his rules. Then he lays down certain regulations concerning the non-naturals, in a method sensible, simple and distinct. Next he investigates the different temperaments of the human body, with the rules of health relative to them, and concludes this chapter with asserting the absurdity of panaceas or universal remedies, or of determining the effects of different medicines or aliments upon different constitutions.

The following chapter contains the precepts of health peculiar to each stage of life, viz. infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. Hence he proceeds to treat of the various circumstances and conditions of men, as robust or delicate, free or servile, wealthy or indigent; together with the rules of health accommodated to each. Then follows a chapter on the prophylaxis or *preventive art*, where we find this simple, and as some may think, extraordinary direction. 'When you find yourself indisposed, go directly to bed, and there lie for one, two or three days, until your complaints are removed; living all the while on water gruel or panada for food; and on water, or small warm negus, or white wine whey for drink.' The doctor's last chapter is taken up with observations upon longevity, describing the natural marks of it, the means of attaining it; reciting the rise and fall of transfusion, or of mending the constitution and extending the term of life, by supplying the body with young and healthy blood from other animals, which he concludes with this warm and sensible exhortation: 'Let us in the mean time make the best use of those advantages which we can easily compass. Let us, by a virtuous course of life, and by the practice of such rules as the experience of ages has established, endeavour to preserve health of body and soundness of mind, until we arrive at the boundaries which Providence (unless we are our own enemies) seems to have nearly marked out for our respective constitutions. And then let us chearfully submit to have the curtain drawn for a little while between our friends and us; and be ready and willing to enter into that happy state for which we were originally intended, and where we shall be secure from the approach of age and infirmities.'

Upon the whole we recommend this performance as a judicious, learned and not unentertaining work, replete with useful and agreeable remarks, and, perhaps, the last gift of an honest and worthy man. The book itself is so methodical, that the reader is led in a direct road from the beginning to the end; as he is in no danger of mistaking his way, he will excuse us

if we do not give ourselves the trouble of affording him supernumerary lights. This we may boldly affirm, that no candid reader can pass a harsh censure on a piece that contains nothing dogmatical, offensive, or dangerous; that is the result of a philanthropy and beneficence, for which the author is known by his private friends to be distinguished.

---

ART. IX. *An Essay on the Art of Preaching, addressed to the clergy.*  
By Anthony Moore, A. B. Vicar of Stratton, in Cornwall.  
Cave. Pr. 1s. 6d.

TO the author of the *Art of Preaching* we would warmly recommend another treatise of the same nature (though very differently executed) called, the *Art of Poetry*, written by one *Horace*, a gentleman well known to our ancestors, and who has laid down some excellent rules to prevent the *Moore*s of his time from exposing themselves in print. Of this necessary art, that is to say necessary to a man who will needs write verses, the author of the performance before us seems intirely ignorant, his piece being to the last degree flat, tedious, and insipid throughout. He begs, notwithstanding, in his preface, that 'it may be read with attention (a compliment which it by no means deserves) and not, he says, as most performances of this sort are, for entertainment only:' whoever, indeed, looks for entertainment in it will be greatly disappointed. The rules however which it contains are, he assures us, of the greatest importance, and might be of great service to the world, though they are in reality nothing but what have been repeated over and over by every shallow critic on pulpit-eloquence. He had, it seems, intended to give us his observations in plain prose, but determined afterwards to put them on a poetical dress, because he found he could express himself more \* concisely in poetry than prose. He intreats, however, the favourable judgment of the public, and hopes he may be read with *grains of allowance*: but let us see what *grains* he has a claim to. He tells us in the beginning of his poem, with great gravity, that,

'A priest's an oracle, if it be dumb,  
'In vain the people for inquiry come.'

This is, we humbly apprehend, a truth so self-evident, that there needs neither *Oracle* nor *Poet* to acquaint us with it. The ob-

---

\* The very reason (you see how great wits jump) that induced Pope to write his *Ethic* epistles in verse, as he informs us in his preface to the first edition of them.

observation which we meet with a little farther on is no less sagacious, when he assures us that,

- ‘ All who in arts and eloquence have shined,
- ‘ Were men of parts exalted and refined.’

Then follows the reflection:

- ‘ What more the priesthood has exposed to scorn
- ‘ Than priests themselves with vulgar talents born,
- ‘ Who in a station venture to appear,
- ‘ Of which, the burthen scarce the wife can bear?’

A little after comes, pray gentle reader observe it, an extreme pretty simile, most poetically expressed.

- ‘ Meddling with themes you cannot understand
- ‘ Resembles trav’ling in an unknown land,
- ‘ Onward you go bewildered in the dark,
- ‘ And view no glimpse of light your way to mark.’

But this is nothing to what our author can rise to when he has a mind to it; for example,

- ‘ Who truth divine by reason wou’d descry
- ‘ In the clear sunshine *listens* with his eye.’

This new and most uncommon way of *list’ning* with the eye is perhaps what nobody who had not seen it with their ears in this poem would ever have thought on; but it is the business of a genius, as Mr. Bays observes, to elevate and surprise. If any of our readers take a pleasure (as many readers do) in hearing the scriptures burlesqued, the following lines cannot fail of giving him satisfaction:

- ‘ Strong meat with ease good *stomachs* may digest,
- ‘ But *milk’s* soft nutriment for *babes* is best.’

About the middle of the poem, Mr. Moore gives us the characters of some of our most eminent divines. One may suffice to shew his excellence in portraiture.

- ‘ Great Stillingfleet is copious, clear, and full,
- ‘ Plain, but not low, sententious, tho’ not dull:
- ‘ His mild persuasive arguments excite
- ‘ In pious minds, devotion and delight.’

For a specimen of our author’s humour and pretty vein of satire, what he says about long sermons may give us an idea of it.

- ‘ Preach not too long---I hate all tedious fools,
- ‘ My zeal forsakes me, and my dinner cools;



- ' I mark my watch, my patience is quite gone,
- ' And cry---when will this orator have done?
- ' Ancient divines, too prodigal of tongue,
- ' Preach'd a full hour, and tired the list'ning throng,
- ' Yet often cry'd, they could have farther gone,
- ' But they must stop, because their glass is run :
- ' Who but themselves such drudgery could bear,
- ' Of voice and lungs, their sons take greater care ?'

When Mr. Moore comes to caution his preacher against affected gestures in the pulpit, he asks this droll question in most excellent metre,

- ' Why should you scrow your mouth and eye-balls roll,
- ' That make you stare and goggle like an owl ?

This noble poem concludes with the character of a good preacher, whom Mr. Moore calls Theophilus ; and which, lest any one should rashly assume it to himself, he declares in the preface to be merely *imaginary*, and not intended to do honour to any particular person. The advice which finishes this very indifferent piece, is *morally* good, though not *poetically* so.

- ' Be faithful to your trust, perform your best,
- ' And leave to heaven and providence the rest.'

Mr. Moore has, we believe, himself taken the advice he gives, and *performed his best*, bad as it is. We hope, therefore, the public will leave him to heaven and providence, and charitably forgive him a fault so venial and so common, and not tear him to pieces, like Cinna the poet, for his bad verses.

#### FOREIGN ARTICLE.

##### Art. X. *The History of the Marquis of Cressy.*

**T**HIS work lately published in France, and assured to have its foundation in truth, there being many now alive who knew the marquis, has been so well received by the public there, that some account of it cannot be unacceptable to our readers.

A number of accomplishments, an engaging air, a heart full of falsity, the art of hiding his vices, and of knowing the weaknesses of others ; do not forget a most pleasing figure : put all these together, and they will give you a just picture of the marquis de Cressy, the hero of this history.

The

The men sought his friendship, the women his love; but the interestedness of his heart made him hold out against the vanity of success with them. Those of the fair sex, who aimed at no more than pleasing him, were disheartened by his indifference. Those who carried their sentiments towards him the length of love, were rather animated by the difficulties of conquering it, and continued their designs upon him.

Amongst these last were the countess de Raifel, and mademoiselle de Bugey.

The first a widow of twenty-six years of age, had a tall majestic stature, and her eyes sparkling with fire and vivacity. Add to this picture, by way of preparing you for the catastrophe, a tincture of that constitutional melancholy which supposes intimate sensations, and those deep sentiments that penetrate into the soul instead of going off by evaporation.

The other was sixteen: figure to yourself all the freshness and bloom in the power of youth to give, a lively piercing wit, with that inexpressible charm that resides in innocence and native ingenuousness.

Those two rivals were friends; and lived in the same circle of acquaintance. The countess kept her own secret out of discretion: Adelaïd de Bugey did not know that she had one to reveal. Monsieur de Cressley learned it her; and availing himself of the advantage which experience and artifice gave him over her, little by little warmed her heart, and by insensible gradations brought her to that dangerous confession, of which lovers commonly contest the truth, till from proof to proof they draw on those they love to give them one, after which the doubt indeed dissipates; but the desire takes its flight, and is heard of no more. To this proof the marquis had well nigh brought the fair Bugey, after a confession that to him seemed an authority to demand it.

The countess had ardently wished that the marquis would pay his court to her; but the fear of letting marks of her inclination escape her, gave her an air of reserve and embarrassment, which was mistaken for a want of sensibility, or a natural coldness. Always charming wherever the marquis was not in company; in his presence she lost that vivacity that renders one amiable, and gives a grace to every thing one does. The agitation of her heart suspended the agreeable effects of her wit.

Whilst Adelaïd gave herself up to the pleasure of her new passion, and madam de Raïsel nourished her's at the bottom of her heart, madam D'Elmont came to disturb their pretensions. This was one of those women who having none of the virtues of their own sex, madly adopt the follies of ours, of which they take only the impudence and licentiousness; and who take it for an honour to have the name of a man given them, because unworthy of that of woman, they have dared to renounce modesty, shame, and that delicacy of sentiment which is the distinctive mark of their kind.

As the actions of men are seen, whilst their motives are but rarely penetrated, there are many occasions in life in which baseness and malice may easily cloath themselves in the semblances of justice and probity. Madam D'Elmont, of whose intentions the marquis had affected ignorance, and avoided her persecutions, having learned that Adelaïd often met the marquis in the evening, upon concerted walks, wrote to monsieur de Bugey to acquaint him with these appointments.

The father put a stop to them, and obliged his daughter to write to the marquis, to engage him to explain himself; who gave for answer, that the present state of his fortune did not permit him to follow the dictates of his heart. Adelaïd received this fatal answer from her father's hands. She desired him to give her leave to pass a few days at the abbey of *Chelles* where she was brought up. The marquis, moved at this retreat of her's, wrote her a second letter. But whether from a just pride, or whether from despair, she would not answer these, nor others that the marquis continued to write her.

Chance, however, having made them meet at a ball, gave occasion for explanations, that terminated in an interview which a chamber-maid procured without the knowledge of Adelaïd. He was at eleven o'clock at night in monsieur de Bugey's garden, that was contiguous to a public one. The marquis being introduced to monsieur Bugey's, who at that time happened to be from home, by a door of communication with the public garden, drew into this one insensibly Adelaïd, as far as a piece of water at the end of a parterre, and sat down with her on the grass upon its borders. The profound silence that reigned in this place, the beauty of the night, the perfume that exhaled from the flowers, the inflamed air of the season, the solitude in which they found themselves, the undress of Adelaïd, who had only a slight wrapper flung round her that floated with every breath.



breath of wind, her head without ornaments, and her bosom half uncovered; all conspired to excite by little and little in the mind of the marquis those desires so ardent, so impetuous, so difficult to curb when the occasion of satisfying them offers, yet augments the power the senses usurp over reason. He took Adelaïd in his arms, strained her tenderly to his breast, and imprinted on her lips one of those kisses, all of fire, of which the very murmur awakens love and pleasure. Adelaïd surprised, felt for the first time the attack of that delicious sensation which leads to that sweet confusion, when nature forced to forget all that lays a restraint on her motions, seems to bring us back to her happy simplicity. This forgetfulness did not last long. Mademoiselle de Bugey complained of her lover: she sought to escape from him, but he was at her feet asking her pardon, and he obtained it. A tender reconciliation followed this quarrel, and perhaps renewed the cause. How often was Adelaïd angry, and how many pardons did she not grant him? satisfied that the main point, her innocence, was safe, she did not perceive how dear all this meltingness would cost her heart. Separation at length growing necessary, they agreed before they parted, that the marquis should wait the return of monsieur de Bugey, to propose to him the object of both their hopes.

In the mean time madam de Raïfel, who had tried in vain to make the marquis guess her sentiments, at length declared them to him in a manner that could leave no room for mistaking them. A high birth, and a prodigious fortune, gave her a sort of right to hope and dare every thing. She wrote him a second anonymous letter; for the first the marquis had received he attributed to madam D'Elmont. At this new summons, that cleared up the person of the writer, his ambition was roused; he repented the oaths he had made to Adelaïd, and thought now of nothing but of gaining Madam de Raïfel. A continual application to the study or her tastes, the natural air with which he adopted them, his art of displaying his accomplishments, and of shewing himself under the most shining colours of an estimable character, all was employed, and the countess easily believed him what he had a mind to appear. A woman, from the instant that she loves a man, allows him more virtues than he himself dares counterfeit. In short, the marquis de Cressy persuaded her so well of the reality of that love which he affected, that she married him.

Adelaïd had not seen the marquis since the insult he had offered her in endeavouring to surprize from her by the means of seduction, those favours which he ought to have owed only to the

laws of honour. The shame with which the reflexion on that attempt that had so near succeeded filled her, her resentment of it, her despair on seeing herself condemned to break with a man whom she loved without being able to esteem him, had caused her a long fit of sickness, even before she heard the news of his marriage. That came upon her like a thunder-clap. She was then just recovering, but fainted away instantly on being told it. She was carried to her bed, and as soon as she came to herself, she threw herself into her maid's arms, and could not help venting her grief in the most passionate exclamation. 'He is married then, said she; hope, fear, doubts exist no longer for me.—He is lost; lost to me for ever:—nothing can bring him back; nothing restore him to me.'—After some days passed under an excess of overwhelming affliction, she entreated her father to give her leave to pass a month at *Chelles*, where a few days after her arrival, she entered upon her novitiate, to bury her love, her regrets, and herself alive in that retreat.

Madam de Raifel had for above the space of a twelvemonth enjoyed all the happiness in the power of a passion ardent and satisfied to bestow, when an event, in which her good nature had interested her, interrupted the course of this felicity. She had been a particular friend of madam de Berneil, who dying at the Val de Grace, a place of refuge for unfortunate persons, had recommended to her a daughter whom she left without support. Madam de Raifel took her home: the name of this unhappy orphan was Hortensia de Berneil. She had nothing in her figure remarkable but the art with which she concealed the defects of it. Her natural temper was bad; and her humour harsh. Capricious, susceptible of the warm passion, but not of true tenderness: with a fine voice, and a desire of pleasing lurking behind a cold reserved air, she found means to surprize the marquis de Cressy's heart, by defying him, as it were, to touch her's. She forgot the goodness of her friend who had taken her into her house, to give herself up to the enjoying the transient taste of a gallant. Soon she abused the power the marquis had given him over her, subdued him, and became his tyrant.

Weary of her yoke, ashamed of enduring it, monsieur de Cressy would at times give himself up to returns of tenderness that brought him back into the arms of the marchioness, by whom he was adored. Pressing her in his, he could scarce keep in the tears that his remorse extorted from him; but his habitual insincerity checked his heart when at the readiest to overflow.

In

In the mean time Hortensia, arrived at the making herself mistress of a heart, which she attached to her by all that ought to have deprived her of it, could not however stifle in the soul of the marquis that inward voice of which the awful cry makes itself be heard; and tells us that we have not the cruel power of tasting in peace a happiness we should have dared to build on the misfortune of others.

Madam de Cressy fell sick, and saw herself equally neglected during her illness by the marquis and by Hortensia. One day, that she was in the way of recovery, the marquis came into her chamber; but with such an air of sadness and dejection, that she was penetrated to the soul with it. Her expressive looks seemed to search for her husband's secret to the bottom of his heart. He appeared as if he wished to speak, yet was afraid of explaining himself; he looked at her, sighed, and said nothing. At length, he was on the point of confessing his wrongs, when mademoiselle de Berneil opening the door suddenly, came in and surprized him on his knees, bathing with tears the hands of his wife, who was striving to make him get up.

Madam de Cressy went out in the coach with Hortensia: "Ah! said she, in what an unlucky moment did you interrupt us! I was going to read in his heart all that passed there, and to penetrate that secret he has so long concealed from me. He loves me, he tells me so, his very confusion assures me of it. But has he never told you any thing that could make you guess the cause of his melancholy?"

Hortensia's answer was, that she was entirely ignorant of any motive for his chagrin. The country house where they were going to pass some days, was in the neighbourhood of the abbey of *Chelles*. Madam de Cressy, who had not lost the remembrance of Adelaïd, thought she might draw from her an explanation which the marquis had not given her. She wrote then to the young nun, and desired of her the favour of an hour's conversation. Adelaïd hesitated at first, but at length determined to comply with this request of an interview. The story she related to madam de Cressy, discovered to her all the falsity of her husband's character. She returned to Paris under the deepest sorrow. A thousand times she repented of having sought that fatal explanation. She no longer saw in the marquis any thing but a man devoured with ambition, who had given her the preference for nothing but the advantages of her fortune. Hortensia was returned with a mind greatly exasperated, and which soon became more so by suspicions that were not without founda-



foundation. She was sensible that she should lose the marquise, if refusing for his lady that lively taste, from which the object that inspires it catches revived graces, the consequence would be, the rekindling the flames of love between them.

Monsieur de Cressy, disgusted with the haughty airs of Hortensia, and who could not lift his eyes up to a wife by whom he was beloved, without finding in her looks some appearance of reproach, began to seek out, in the world, for amusements to supply the place of those pleasures he no longer found at home. Madam d'Elmont, whom other fancies had kept employed, seeing the marquise re-appear with an air of discontent, and of a kind of look-out for diversion, had a mind to know what was passing in his house; and as with any pains, with money and servants, it is easy to discover what one has a mind to learn, whenever one pleases to permit one's self to penetrate into the secrets of others, by means so base, she soon found out his intrigue with Hortensia, and the coolness there was then actually between them. Determined to take her advantage of this misunderstanding, she first excited the curiosity of the marquise; and, by her coquetry, made him take all her forward steps, for the violence of a passion too great to observe forms. Either from choice or complaisance, or by way of dissipation, he gave into this new amusement, and soon this intrigue broke out to the public, with all the indecency with which madam d'Elmont loved to grace her whims. Hortensia, in her rage, was tempted to excite madam de Cressy against her rival, but the marchioness had one of those hearts that turn every thing against themselves.

One day that she was returning from dining in the country, passing along the suburbs, a child fell under the feet of her coach-horses. She gave a great scream, sprung out of the coach, made the child be brought to her, who had luckily received no hurt, caressed it, and gave its mother some marks of her generosity. The mother invited her to come into her house, to recover herself from the fright. She accepts the invitation, and is introduced into an apartment furnished in the noblest and most exquisite taste. On her expressing her surprize at this to the woman, who appeared to her of too low a condition of life to be so sumptuously lodged, the woman owned to her, that this apartment of her house was let to a young nobleman, who had embellished it in that manner to receive a young person whom he had married, at least as he told her, notwithstanding the smallness of her fortune; and that the marriage was very secret. Madam de Cressy having walked into the garden, was  
steeping

stooping to gather some of the flowers, when she saw something glitter amongst the sand of the walk. She told the woman of it, who taking it up, said it was the nobleman's seal of whom she had told her. Madam de Cressy was curious to see the seal, took it, and turned pale at the sight of it: she knew it was her husband Monsieur de Cressy's. As she was preparing to return to her coach, with her eyes full of tears, Madam d'Elmont, who was going to supper beyond that suburb, passed before the door, and seeing the Cressy livery, thought it might be the marquis was there with Hortensia, for whom this house had been hired. She stops her chariot, enters the house, and meets full-butt Madam de Cressy, who was hurrying out of it, but who, on seeing her come, was so struck with surprize, that she let herself fall on a chair, without being able to utter a single word. "How, madam, says D'Elmont to her, have you these childish tricks? — do you come here to catch an unfaithful husband, and storm at a rival? — But, hey day, what tears too! what a face of sorrow! where is the marquis? what have you done with Hortensia?" — "What do you mean by naming of Hortensia?" said the marchioness de Cressy. "Faith! said madam D'Elmont, I am in love with your nicety, and concern about the reputation of a girl that repays all your goodness to her with the blackest ingratitude, and who, after having robbed you of your husband's heart, drives him from your house by the insupportableness of her temper."

At these words, she drew out a miniature picture-case she had snatched from the marquis, and would not return it to him, the which opening by means of a spring, she shewed the marchioness a portrait of Hortensia. "Is not this, said she to the woman of the house, the picture of the young lady for whom your apartments were hired?" The landlady, quite surprized, could not deny it.

Madam de Cressy returned home, under such an oppression of spirits, that she had hardly strength to support herself, and gave herself up to all the bitterness of the reflection which her situation suggested to her. The very next morning, though extremely ill, she set out for a county seat she had about thirty miles from Paris. After eight days of retirement, in which she took that resolution that appeared to her the only one capable of putting an end to her griefs, she returned to Paris, took up a whole day in putting her papers in order, which she carefully sealed up, distributed presents to her servants, gave a beautiful box to mademoiselle de Barneil, and gave orders that

at

at whatever hour of the night the marquis should come home, he should be told that she wanted to speak with him.

At mid night she had tea brought her, and preparing a cup, threw a powder into it, which she told Hortensia de Berneil she had been assured would procure her the rest she wanted. It was one o'clock before the marquis came, and found her in her chamber, conversing very composedly with Hortensia, who, at his approach was going to withdraw. But the marchioness desired her to stay, saying, "There is nothing, mademoiselle; to pass here, that ought to be a secret from you." She desired then the marquis to pour into the cup, into which she had infused the poison, what there wanted to its being full. He did so, and the marchioness receiving it from his hand, said to him with a most expressive look, "I am charmed with its being yourself that presents it to me." Some time after having drank it off, she took out of a little china trunk she had by her, two sealed packets: the one she gave to Hortensia, saying, "You will under this cover find the grant of a pension I have lately obtained from the court for you, besides what I have myself added to it, to procure you the pleasure of a life in easy circumstances."

Then delivering the other packet to monsieur de Cressy, she said, "Keep that, sir, till the moment you will see the necessity of opening it."—Some few instants afterwards she fell into the arms of monsieur de Cressy, who surprized, confused, and with a heart torn to pieces at what he saw, overwhelmed her with the sincerest caresses. "I die happy, said she, since I die honoured with your regrets, and bathed with your tears; let me expire on that beloved bosom; open it to me, and receive my soul that pants for its enclosure." At these words her senses failed her, and she sunk into repose in the sleep of death. Monsieur de Cressy remained inconsolable. Adelaïd sacrificed, madam de Raïsel dead in his arms, formed an image that retracing itself for ever to his idea, poisoned the remainder of his life. He was great, was distinguished, obtained all the honours and titles he could desire; he was rich, powerful, but he was never happy.

From the above extract it will appear that this is a work of taste. The reflections are few, but delicate. The situations not numerous, some of them voluptuous, but none lascivious. There is invention without the appearance of any, for every thing is given as true history, and great part of it is thought to be so. The catastrophe especially is out of measure tragical, and scarce excusable



excusable but on the supposition of the author's not being able to alter it, without doing too much violence to the facts on which the history is built.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 11. *A sermon preached at the visitation of the honourable and right reverend Richard, lord bishop of Durham, held in the parish church of St. Mary le Bow in Durham, on Thursday, July 27, 1758. By Robert Lowth, D. D. Quarto, Doddsley.*

Matt. vi. 10. *Thy Kingdom come.*

WE have perused this masterly discourse with that exquisite relish and high satisfaction, which every reader of taste must receive from the productions of so polite and elegant a scholar as Dr. Lowth. The doctor has deviated from the regularity and method usual in discourses calculated for the pulpit; for here we find the freedom and ease of an *essay*, with all the clearness of a *sermon*. After explaining his text, he gives an abstract of the history of Christianity, with a brevity, perspicuity and simplicity peculiar to himself. He then recommends a generous freedom of inquiry as the means most effectual to promote religion, and advance pure christianity. We shall present the reader with the doctor's own words. 'Christianity itself was published to the world in the most enlightened age; it invited and challenged the examination of the ablest judges, and stood the test of the severest scrutiny: the more it is brought to the light, to the greater advantage will it appear. When on the other hand the dark ages of barbarism came on, as every art and science was almost extinguished, so was christianity in proportion oppressed and overwhelmed by error and superstition: and they that pretended to defend it from the assaults of its enemies, by prohibiting examination and free inquiry, took the surest method of cutting off all hopes of its recovery. Again, when letters revived, and reason regained her liberty; when a spirit of inquiry began to prevail, and was kept up and promoted by a happy invention, by which the communication of knowledge was wonderfully facilitated; christianity immediately emerged out of darkness, and was in a manner republished to the world in its native simplicity. It has always flourished or decayed together with learning and liberty; it will ever stand or fall with them. It is therefore of the utmost importance to the cause of true religion, that it be submitted to an open and impartial examination; that every disquisition concerning it be allowed its free course; that even the malice of its enemies should have its full scope, and try its utmost strength of argument against it.

' it. Let no man be alarmed at the attempts of atheists or  
 ' infidels: let them produce their cause; let them bring forth  
 ' their strong reasons, to their own confusion: afford them not  
 ' the advantage of restraint, the only advantage which their  
 ' cause admits of: let them not boast the false credit of sup-  
 ' posed arguments and pretended demonstrations, which they  
 ' are forced to suppress. What has been the consequence of all  
 ' that licentious contradiction, with which the gospel has been  
 ' received in these our times and in this nation? hath it not  
 ' given birth to such irrefragable apologies and convincing il-  
 ' lustrations of our most holy religion, as no other age or na-  
 ' tion ever produced? What in particular has been the effect  
 ' of unrestrained opposition in a very recent instance, prepared  
 ' with much labour and study, and supported with all the art  
 ' and eloquence of a late celebrated genius? hath not the very  
 ' weakness and impotence of the assault given the most signal  
 ' and decisive victory to the cause of truth? and do not the  
 ' arms of this mighty champion of infidelity stand as a trophy  
 ' erected by himself to display and to perpetuate the triumph?  
 ' Let no one lightly entertain suspicions of any serious pro-  
 ' posal for the advancement of religious knowledge; nor out  
 ' of unreasonable prejudice endeavour to obstruct any inquiry,  
 ' that professes to aim at the farther illustration of the great  
 ' scheme of the gospel in general, or the removal of error in  
 ' any part, in faith, in doctrine, in practice, or in worship.  
 ' An opinion is not therefore false, because it contradicts re-  
 ' ceived notions: but whether true or false, let it be submit-  
 ' ted to a fair examination; truth must in the end be a gainer  
 ' by it, and appear with the greater evidence. Where freedom  
 ' of inquiry is maintained and exercised under the direction of  
 ' the sincere word of God, falsehood may perhaps triumph for  
 ' a day, but to-morrow truth will certainly prevail, and every  
 ' succeeding day will confirm her superiority.'

Our author in the next place strongly enforces the duty of  
 unanimity, charity and toleration for those who differ in opi-  
 nion from us; concluding the whole with a sensible and manly  
 remonstrance to the clergy, as more particularly obliged by the  
 innocence of their lives and purity of their morals, to shew the  
 truth of that religion they teach.

Upon the whole, we are of opinion this discourse will by no  
 means diminish the merited reputation of the ingenious author,  
 notwithstanding we apprehend that the doctor's liberal senti-  
 ments, the toleration and charity he espouses, may draw upon  
 him the malice of little, narrow and bigotted minds.

Art. 12. *An Explanation of the manual Exercise, &c. for the use of the Militia of the county of Norfolk.* 8vo. 1758. Norwich, Chafe.

This small tract needs not a recommendation from us.—'Tis not to be doubted that the utmost diligence has been used in comparing the exercises directed by most military powers in Europe, and selecting the shortest and most useful motions. The names of *Townsend* and *Windham* might, if added to the title, be a sufficient security for our presumption. It's intrinsic merit has carried it into practice, in most of the counties where the militia is in any forwardness. This, however, if we mistake not, is only a part of a larger work which we hope this truly patriot duumvirate will not long keep from the wishes of their country.

Art. 13. *A Letter to Jonas Hanway, Esq; in which some reasons are assigned, why houses for the reception of penitent women, who have been disorderly in their lives, ought not to be called Magdalen-Houses.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Noon.

The chief intention of this little piece, which might with propriety enough be pronounced from the pulpit, is to rescue the reputation of Mary Magdalene from the scandalous insinuations of Mr. Hanway and others. Our author calls her a pious, chaste and devout lady of rank and quality; and proves by irrefragable arguments the falsity of the opinion that she was a reformed harlot. He has stirred a mighty dust, and wasted a profusion of learning upon the propriety of a term, which we think of very little consequence, as it never can affect the utility and piety of so charitable an institution as that proposed by Mess. Dingley and Hanway. — We wish those gentlemen all manner of success, and are of opinion they had better make choice of an inscription less liable to be cavilled at and misrepresented.

Art. 14. *Reflections on the Conduct of general Bligh, and commodore lord Howe, on the French coast.* Pridden. Pr. 6d.

It is hardly possible to say what this pamphlet means, though easy to pronounce it means nothing less than treating the subject of its title. The four first pages are taken up with recommending the protection of the Corsicans against the Genoese. It proceeds to insinuate suspicions of a patriot minister being counter-acted underhand by some persons jealous or envious of his glory: this is followed by some expostulations and censures on the  
the



the want of zeal for the militia act; and at length, it concludes with some short strictures on the last expedition, in favour of general Bligh, who is not once named in the pamphlet, and there are two or three lines allotted for the naval commander, which contain nothing but what is perfectly indifferent. For the stile here follows a specimen:

‘ The delicate point to determine at the eruption of hostile acts, is, which of the two belligerent powers had been the prior aggressor. The matter indeed, from the length of time since the first complaints had been started, and entangled proceedings after, is often rendered of very difficult discussion.

‘ Therefore without entering into any debate to settle who have been the prior aggressors in the present war in America, the French or the English, (though in the late ministerial sense of H—— P——, the former were not) we content ourselves at present with asserting, that the seeds of the present war were entwisted with the bungling formation of the last peace; and that sooner or later they were to shoot out and draw the two rival nations Great Britain and France into money-wasting, blood-shedding perplexities, in which they have been for some years intricated, and without any great advantage to either side.’

Art. 14. *An Impartial Narrative of the last expedition to the coast of France. By an Eye Witness.* Wilkie. Pr. 6d.

This concise detail of our disgrace at the bay of St. Cas, is written with spirit and the appearance of truth, and seems to be the production of a person who was really present in the action. It is interspersed with some shrewd remarks, which reflect very little honour on the conduct of the g——l: but, the performance appears to be chiefly intended as a satire upon the quarter-master-general, whom the author does not scruple to blame as the principal cause of our loss and dishonour, sustained in the reembarkation of our troops. Whether or not that gentleman will take the trouble to justify himself in a counter-appeal to the public, time will discover.

Art. 15. *Euthemia; or the Power of Harmony. A Poem in blank Verse. Sacred to the memory of a deceased pair. To which is added, The Court of Discord.*

The authors of the Critical Review have received the letter of *Philo-criticus*, with his *Euthemia*, &c. in the perusal of which they

they have found much agreeable entertainment. There is, in their opinion, a great deal of poetical merit in the performance, which, however, as he justly and modestly observes, is not without marks of haste and carelessness.

The following portraits are, in our opinion, extremely well characterised.

- ‘ —————Behold where patience mild
- ‘ With brow unbent, that seems to welcome woe,
- ‘ Beside her shady dial sits to watch,
- ‘ Time’s stealing progress to eternity.
- ‘ To Lydian measures now attunes her lute,
- ‘ Pleasing her grief; and with complacent smile
- ‘ (From resignation bred, and blessed hope,)
- ‘ Thus humbly prays,——“ Thy holy will be done.”

Quære whether *the Lydian measure* be not too effeminate and voluptuous for patience?

- ‘ ————Lo! compassion meek,
- ‘ Searching the vale of misery obscure,
- ‘ From sympathetick eye benignly sheds
- ‘ Her balm of pity; while with tender heart,
- ‘ Shaping her sorrow to each sufferer’s woe,
- ‘ She to her silver harp’s soft prelude joins,
- ‘ Such tender pray’r——“ Return, O God of Hosts,”
- “ Behold, behold, thy servants in distress.”
- ‘ Then points to charity her sister-twin,
- ‘ Who all around her chearful bounty pours.’

There is something picturesque in the Court of Discord, and in his description of the Witch of Wokey.

On the whole, we think, that with proper correction the piece will appear to the credit of the author; and it is our determination that he has a right to feed his *Pegasus* on the *Parcassian* common.

Art. 17. *A Bone for the Chroniclers to pick; or a take-off scene from behind the curtain. A poem. By a candid observer of men and things.* Scott. Pr. 6d.

All that we can pick from this *bone* is, that there is a *bone* of contention between a certain manager and an author, whose performance he has rejected; that the said author is the *spawn of an earthquake*; God bless us! a *lean faced man*, and a person to whom Mr. G——k has, in letters, vouchsafed the title.

*esquire.* The piece is replete with all the bitterness of poetical disappointment, and contains many sarcastic hints and allusions, notwithstanding which we may venture to say, (as the author owns himself the production of an earthquake) "let the earth  
" hide thee; thy bone is marrowless."

But to be serious; we cannot help sympathizing with our brother in his affliction, as we ourselves have not so long exercised the same profession, without having felt the pangs of theatrical miscarriage. We would, however, recommend temper and silence on all such occasions. A manager has humours like other men. He may be one day disposed to reject, and at another time content to receive. If we give the rein to our passion, and exclaim against him, either in conversation or in writing, the shafts of our satire will pass harmless by him: he will laugh in his own sleeve at our impotent resentment, and (which is worse) make others laugh at our expence.

Art. 18. *The Maid of Orleans. Written by M. de Voltaire. Translated from the French. In two Volumes. 12mo.*

This is a poem originally written in burlesque verse of ten syllables. That it is at least with great authority attributed to Voltaire, appears in a history lately published in French of the king of Prussia. In that history there is inserted a letter of his to his queen, or to his sister, where, by way of introduction to her, he mentions the pleasure she will have in conversing with the celebrated author of *La Henriade* and *La Pucelle*. It is probable, however, that either his majesty had not then seen this last, or seen it very different from what it has been since published, or his piety would not have suffered him to take for one of his motives of recommendation a composition so replete with obscenity and even blasphemy, that it has been burnt by the hand of the common hangman in several places, and especially at Geneva, under the supposed author's own nose.

The story turns, according to the title, on the deeds and prowess of the famous Joan d'Arc, maid of Orleans, interlarded with romantic fictions, and some very forced and absurd ones. The saints and revealed religion are shockingly abused in it; and what makes a more horrid mixture yet, with such prophane-ness, is the most flagitious dissolute scenes which are interspersed throughout the whole, and revolt the imagination. To specify any of them here would be sharing the guilt of the author whoever he may be, whose wit, which there is no denying him, is but the more execrable for this abuse of it.

The



The English translator has somewhat softened, but surely not enough, the most exceptionable passages, which had been indeed better all left out. The translation itself is in prose, and has all the disadvantages of that way of rendering a poetical original, especially in the vein of burlesque humour. To make those places more intelligible to an English reader, that turn upon French history or manners, there are notes added at the end of the second volume.

Art. 19. *An Accurate and Authentic Account of the taking of Cape-Breton, in the year 1745: together with A computation of the French fishery in that part of the world; both sent over by general Pepperell, who commanded in that expedition, in a letter to his friend captain Henry Stafford, at Exmouth, Devon. From whence will appear the importance of that island, and the danger we shall be in of losing our superiority at sea, should it now again be restored to France.* Octavo. Pr. 1s. Staples.

The title of this pamphlet sufficiently explains the aim and meaning of it. Those who are curious of comparing the two sieges, or want to know the true consequence of this acquisition, cannot be displeased to see the genuine sentiments thereon of a gentleman who knew the place perfectly well, and who had the chief if not the entire direction in the reduction of it.

Art. 20. *Stenography; or Short-hand improved: being the most compendious, lineal, and easy method hitherto extant, the persons, moods, tenses, and particles, which most frequently occur, are adapted to join with ease and accuracy at pleasure: the rules are laid down with such propriety, consistence, and perspicuity, that the practitioner will need no other assistance. The whole illustrated with an alphabetical praxis, adopted to all purposes in general, but more particularly to the three learned professions, namely, law, physic, and divinity. By John Angell, who has practised this art above thirty years.* 8vo. Pr. 7s. Millar, &c.

The author apprehending an account of the several other plans or methods of short-hand to be very proper in a work of this nature, has attempted it; and so far as we are able to judge, has done it with propriety, truth, and impartiality.

In the execution of his plan, he has made some improvements in the form of his letters, for conciseness and distinction.

For expressing the vowels in the middle and end of words, he adopts the common method of doing it by dots respectively placed. But in the prosecution of the work, he shews, not only in his introduction, but by a variety of examples, where it may be expedient to omit the vowels consistent with the easy and distinct practice of the art. This he imagined was one of the principal points in which it was capable of improvement.

In the prepositions and terminations, he had a view of adapting them to other languages, as well as the English; and has likewise given examples in several tables of difficult words in the learned professions where they are applicable with ease and facility.

The persons, moods, tenses, and particles, most commonly used, our author has adapted to join, but except in a few instances and under certain limitations (of which he gives examples) he greatly disapproves of joining words together; he assigns several reasons why he does, which he urges from his experience, and confirms by example.

In the order of the lessons he regards the nature of the art, and the gradual proficiency of the learner.

All the parts of this short-hand are very curiously engraved; and there are distinct sections, in the introduction, to explain them (as far as necessary) and shew their respective propriety and usefulness.

There are moreover general instructions to learners. All that the author presumes are necessary for persons of middling capacity to learn the art without any other instructor than the book itself. And in fine, that the ingenious might be animated to the small application that is necessary to acquire it, the author concludes with an eulogium on the art.

Art. 21. *The Case of Five Millions fairly stated, in regard to taxes, trade, law, lawyers, &c. Addressed to the guardians of our liberty.* 8vo. Price 1s. Millan.

A title page so promising, we are sorry to say, produces nothing in proportion. A great deal of common place, loose indigested reflections, the several points superficially treated, with hardly a new fact or thought, constitute almost the whole of this performance.

formance. There are here and there some pertinent quotations, and some notes that are not uninstruative; but the effect of them is much diminished by all the concomitant insignificance, and unconclusiveness of the rest. The author seems, however, to abound in caution, since he does not so much as venture the words *legislative*, *laws*, *ministerial*, and others equally unoffensive, unless gutted of the vowels. The city of London (as we suppose it) is too sacred to be otherwise expressed than by a dash. We cannot, however, but do him the justice to pronounce his piece a very harmless one, as to any thing but the waste of his reader's time and his own.

Art. 22. *An Essay on Monopolies; or, reflections upon the frauds and abuses practised by wholesale dealers in corn and flour.* 8vo. Price 6d. Doddsley.

This is a pamphlet of the most general concern, since one may say all that eat bread are more or less interested in knowing the sentiments of a man of so much sense as this author appears to have. But what, next to the judgment that reigns in it, ought to be a great recommendation, is its not having the least tincture of passion or private interest. The good of the public must be the only motive of publication, since there is not the least room for thinking it a pretext. But hear the author himself.

' The arts of *monopolizing* and *ingrossing*, though attended to and  
' provided against by ancient laws, did never arrive to so noto-  
' rious and flagrant a pitch, as in our days. They infect every  
' branch of trade; all that the providence of God has given, or  
' the industry of man cultivated; and from teas and spices, have  
' descended to potatoes and old rags.—An advance in the price  
' of any commodity, occasioned by the engrossing and secreting  
' it, is of all impositions the worst, because it proceeds from  
' no natural or reasonable cause, but is merely the product of ar-  
' tifice and fraud. Notwithstanding which, let the vain and the  
' luxurious only be affected: let there be ingrossers of *turtles*, or-  
' *tolans*, *French claret*, and *Parmesan cheese*, and the generality will  
' laugh. Let all the teas of the *India* house be bought up by  
' one club; and let fish, rather become food for the vulgar, be  
' buried at *T. B.*—it is still tolerable.—But, when the necessary  
' support and nourishment of the poor labourer, and helpless  
' infant, by wicked and lawless combinations and concealments,  
' are reduced in quantity, and vilely sophisticated in quality;  
' when fraud and avarice have seized even the *staff of life*, it be-  
' comes the indispensable duty of all good men, and lovers of  
' their country, to labour earnestly towards detecting the of-  
' fenders,



\* fenders, and preventing and punishing the offences; not to cease  
 \* exclaiming, till their voices have reached and alarmed the le-  
 \* gislature.'

He proceeds to lay open the artful management of the engrossing farmers, millers, and meal-men with clearness, knowledge, and even a humour that pleases the more for its not lessening the weight of the seriousness of the subject; but on the contrary, making it penetrate deeper for the point of the jest. The following remarks extracted from this piece may give a further idea of it.

\* Here, by the way, I must own my surprize, that the fertile  
 \* invention of our numerous quacks has never yet, so far as my  
 \* learning in advertisements can inform me, suggested to any of  
 \* them the expediency of procuring a patent for an *anti-aluminous*  
 \* *tincture*, or infallible preservative against the ill effects of alum:  
 \* for as in these days, every body does in some degree swallow  
 \* the poison, surely great numbers would be running after the  
 \* antidote. I am not apprehensive of being charged with the  
 \* use of too severe a term, by any person capable of considering  
 \* what must be the consequences of having the blood over-  
 \* charged with the particles of any mineral whatsoever, by a  
 \* method of all others the most insinuating; that is to say, by  
 \* a frequent repetition of very small doses.'

\* After all that has been urged on this subject, we are obliged  
 \* to acknowledge one melancholy truth, that *mistaken luxury* and  
 \* *general folly* have laid the foundation, and afforded incitements  
 \* to all these frauds. We know that a few years ago a fancy pre-  
 \* vailed amongst persons of elegance, to paint all their wainscots  
 \* with a *dead white*; but why that should be the colour of their  
 \* bread too, is not easy to be accounted for, as it certainly is a  
 \* very unnatural one: yet if fashion, which sanctifies every ridi-  
 \* culous affectation, should require a loaf to carry the complexion  
 \* of a curd, or whatever else you please; the baker must produce  
 \* it, or lose all his customers.—There is known to be a yellow-  
 \* ish cast in the best and purest flour, especially when mixed with  
 \* yeast; but it is matter of astonishment, that people who boast  
 \* of *taste*, should merely for the sake of a colour, exchange the  
 \* sweetness, elasticity and consistence, of a pure home-made loaf,  
 \* for a harsh, dry, and crumbling composition of, *they really*  
 \* *know not what*. Let the comparison be made when each is  
 \* three days old, and no doubt can ever remain which is the most  
 \* wholesome and nourishing: for were straw itself capable of  
 \* *trituration*, or being ground, or mixed into a mass (and who  
 \* knows

‘ knows what improvements future experiments may strike out  
 ‘ in any science) it could scarce be more tasteless and incoherent,  
 ‘ than what is sometimes brought to our tables as bread.’

Art. 23. *An Account of a Stone, in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Stafford; which on being watered produces excellent mushrooms. With the history of the Iolitos, or violet-stone of the Germans.* By John Hill, M. D. 8vo. Baldwin.

This country has scarce produced a writer to whom the press is indebted for a greater variety of productions than the diligent and fertile author before us.

Hardly a week escapes that we are not made acquainted with some new instance of his industry; insomuch, that were we to remark critically upon each, our *Review* must be confined wholly to his writings. As we rejoice at the opportunity of bestowing our praises upon real merit, we cannot but congratulate our readers on the happy effects our remonstrances have produced in bringing back this strayed genius to the paths of nature. We always respected the doctor as *Elegans MINUTIARUM Spectator*; but we despised and pitied him as often as he assumed the divine, astronomer, historian, politician, and what not. We lamented that talents fitted to dignify frivolous and little objects, should be employed in debasing great and noble ones; and that the man who could be lively and innocent by the force of his genius, should be industriously dull, and even noxious, by the mere dint of labour.

We think ourselves obliged to the doctor for the late instances of his regard to our admonitions; for this sacrifice he makes of his vanity to his *good sense* and the *force of truth*. We doubt not but he will henceforward afford us frequent occasions of applauding with more warmth than we ever censured him. While his lively parts are confined within their proper sphere, they cannot fail of proving agreeable and inoffensive. As to our past strictures he will attribute them to the necessity we are under of preferring public justice to the interest of any individual.

In the little treatise before us the doctor has given a natural history and investigation of the properties of that extraordinary production, the mushroom-stone. He describes it a hard heavy mass, of an irregular shape and granulated surface. By the assistance of his microscope he could discover the original surface covered with a thin coat of a fungous nature, insinuating itself into all the chinks and crevices of the stone. This tough fungous substance he calls the perennial root of a peculiar species  
 of

of mushroom; and to it is owing the continual production of the Plant. From this vegetable principle he likewise derives the peculiar qualities of the violet-stone, which he takes to be no more than a different state of the same substance with the former; and justly explodes the notion of their being mineral productions.

The doctor informs us, that the stone in his possession produced, in the space of five days, a mushroom weighing one pound and two ounces:—a circumstance almost incredible, if we had it not from *his* unquestionable authority.

This is an abstract of our author's discovery, which he has extended to an entertaining eighteen penny pamphlet. In other hands the performance drawn out to so great a length would have been flat, insipid, and little exceeding in duration and value the fungous production it treats of.

Art. 24. *The Old Man's Guide to health and longer life: with rules for diet, exercise, and physick; for preserving a good constitution, and preventing disorders in a bad one.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.

The author's modesty, perhaps, has made him omit the single merit we are able to discover in this performance, *viz.* the softness, smoothness and fitness of the paper for the purposes of the aged hæmorrhoidal patient, in which respect we think it little inferior to a goose's neck, although the latter be recommended by the sage Rabelais. We unwarily *swallowed* a dose which produced headaches, heartachs, and the bellyach; but *reversing* the method, its application *a posteriori* we found inoffensive, pleasant and useful. In this light we recommend it to the reader, assuring him, the shops afford not any thing better calculated for the purpose hinted at.

